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ART. I.--*A Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation, and the Funding System.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. 1 vol. 8vo. Longman & Co. London, 1845.

For many years, we have felt very little inclination to waste even our leisure hours, on the perusal of the works of professed political economists, either British or foreign. Indeed, our opinion of most of those works, not to say of all, that were published previous to 1839, and which we have read with scrupulous attention, was so decidedly unfavourable, we could not master enough resolution to open the many publications, on the same matter, which were afterwards put into our hands.

The principles of political economy are few, and clear; the facts, on which they rest, are known; the causes of those facts, their working, and their results, can easily be investigated and ascertained; yet, in the works which we have read, everything is darkness, uncertainty, contradiction. It seems as if the writers, and particularly those among them who are considered as authorities upon the matter, had undertaken the task of rendering political economy the most confused, unintelligible, incoherent, and unprofitable of all sciences.

We were lately expressing, in the foregoing words, our opinion concerning political economists, when an admirer of Mr

M'Culloch claimed for him an exception which we could not assent to. In the course of the conversation, the treatise on taxation and funding was frequently brought forward, in support of Mr. M'Culloch's claims to distinction. We at once confessed that we knew nothing of the book, save through the advertisements in the daily newspapers, with the customary puffings; but we no sooner had admitted so much, than we were caught in this trap:—'You admit that you have not read the last work of M'Culloch, and yet you disparage the merits of that author, whose fame is European; who is a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France; and who, for years, has been acknowledged as the head of the economists. Either you must read all his works, before you pass judgment upon him; or you must defer to the opinion of one who knows all the labours of a meritorious man, and admit, that M'Culloch is a superior author.'

With the assistance of a bit of logic, we might have escaped the trap; but, as every one knows, logic is *mauvais ton* at evening parties. We could also assert that we know twenty *titular members*, not merely honorary *corresponding members of the Institute*, who are downright simpletons; but this, besides its proving nothing against Mr. M'Culloch, might have been considered as an infringement on the *entente cordiale*. We, therefore, in a spirit of conciliation, and submitting to his dilemma, however defective, told our opponent, that, rather than read the treatise, we would give up the contest, and even agree with him. We thought that such a concession, when we could refuse, both to read the book, and alter our opinion, would be considered as a mark of forbearance, as a proof of good breeding; and would put an end to the discussion. Quite the reverse. The reply of our adversary was a fiery provocation to a renewal of hostilities; from which, however, we were soon rescued, by the noise of another discussion, between two ladies, on another important question: viz. whether General Tom Thumb was taller or shorter than the dwarf of King Stanislas, of Poland?

When alone, we could not but reflect upon the warmth exhibited by our opponent, and we endeavoured, but without success, to discover its causes. As nothing, in the works of Mr. M'Culloch, which we knew, could, in our opinion, account for and justify the admiration of his panegyrist, we naturally inferred that the lately published treatise must be the cause of the enthusiasm evinced for its author; that it must therefore be very different from its precursors; and that we might venture to read it. These successive inductions ended in the resolution of sending for the work.

It required all the patience and the perseverance which we could

muster, to persist in the resolution we had formed, and to follow our author, from the first to the last of the 504 pages in which he undertakes to correct the errors, to supply the deficiencies, and to reform the systems, of Adam Smith, of Ricardo, of Malthus, of Sir Henry Parnell, in short, of all his precursors in the field of political economy. The very first page of the introduction, the unmeaning, inaccurate, and blundering definitions of taxes and taxation, immediately convinced us, that, far from having improved since his former publications, Mr. M'Culloch had sunk deeper into the pretending, but empty abstractions, and into the misleading and mischievous theories, which characterize his former productions. We went on, however, despite of our unpleasant anticipations, which were realised at almost every page; till, at last, we had accomplished our arduous task. Now, then, we can express an opinion, and we will do it, so as to enable our readers to decide between the reviewed and his reviewer.

The work, besides the introduction, 'General Observations on Taxation,' is divided into three parts, under the titles of, direct taxes, indirect taxes, and funding system. The first and second parts are divided into as many chapters as there are different taxes, either direct or indirect. The third part contains three chapters; the first 'advantages and disadvantages, rise and progress of the funding system;' the second, 'different methods of funding;' and the third, 'reduction of the national debt.'

About two-thirds of each of the chapters are devoted to a sort of historical account of the first establishment of the tax which forms the subject of it; of the several modifications, reduction or increase, which it experienced; and of the sums produced by it, under different circumstances, and at different periods. The author might have, without any prejudice for his work, reduced this portion, which is a mere compilation from the parliamentary blue books, to much shorter dimensions; but it seems that one of the principles on which almost all professed economists agree, is book-making any how.

To these, certainly most easy 'researches, on the history and influence of the leading taxes imposed in the united kingdom,' Mr. M'Culloch adds his 'investigations on the influence of the most important taxes imposed in foreign countries:' he says so, at least, in his preface; but, with the exception of France, no European state seems to have fixed his attention; for they are hardly mentioned, and that with merely some cursory remarks, which do not exhibit any very serious 'investigation.' Not that we are going to find fault with our author, for this neglect: we think that he has acted wisely, in not speaking of that which he seems ignorant, and that he would have done better if he had been equally silent with regard to France, instead of blundering,

in most of his speculations on the French system of taxation. To set him right, on this matter, would require more space than we can dispose of; and, besides that, would be without any beneficial result to our readers, as well as without interest. There is nothing, in the French system, good enough to be worth importation; and all that is bad in it, is not worse than most parts of our own system. The fact is, that in France, as well as in England, the system, the science of taxation, consists in exacting, by all sorts of indirect contrivances, from the many, the helpless, the working classes, all that can be exacted, and in making the grandees of the land, and the rich few, feel as little as possible the weight of taxation.

Mr. M'Culloch being considered, by many, as an authority on matters of political economy, our readers must be anxious to know, not what taxes exist in other countries, nor what taxes exist in England, and when and how they were established; but the opinion of Mr. M'Culloch, on the soundness or unsoundness of the principles which led to the establishment of those taxes, on the advantages or the inconveniences of their establishment; and on the policy, either of maintaining them, if they supply the administration with sufficient means for the government of the country, without being too burdensome to the people; or of substituting for them a system of taxation better and more efficient, if it is found out that the present system is equally vicious in its principles and mischievous in its effects. On opening a book, 'A Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation,' written, too, at a time when the whole nation demand the removal of the tottering fabric, and a more equitable and less expensive assessment of public contributions, every one naturally expects to find, at the least, something applicable to the present circumstances of the country; either a bold denial of the existing evils, and a justification of the system now in force; or an admission of the disastrous effects of that system, and the advocacy of some of the principles whose application is claimed all over the land, as the only remedy for the distress of the people; nay, even more, the only security for the stability of the government. Mr. M'Culloch has contrived to do neither the one nor the other; he seems not to see, much less to understand our present situation; or even the subject on which he writes; his object seems rather to have been to collect all the false or absurd opinions, all the captious and illogical arguments, that ever were arrayed in support of, or against every principle or mode of taxation; many of which he appropriates and reproduces as his own, however inconsistent and contradictory, however obsolete or mischievous they be.

A complete exposure of the opposite principles, of the conflict-

ing opinions of our author, would have led to a long and tedious dissertation, which we were desirous not to inflict upon our readers; if, whilst engaged in our labour, the idea had not occurred to us, to leave to Mr. M'Culloch all the credit of confuting himself. It is, then, from Mr. M'Culloch's own words that our readers will form their opinion of his principles, of his judgments, and of his consistency.

INTRODUCTION:—INFLUENCE OF TAXATION.

'The constantly increasing pressure of taxation during the war begun in 1793, was felt by all classes, and gave a spur to industry, enterprise, and invention, and generated a spirit of economy, that we should have had in vain attempted to excite by less powerful means. . . . Without the American war and the French war, there would have been less industry, and less frugality, because there would have been less occasion for them. And we incline to think that those who inquire dispassionately into the matter, will probably see reason to conclude that the increase of industry and frugality occasioned by these contests, more than sufficed to defray their enormous expences.' (pp. 10, 11.)

'It must not, however, be supposed that, because the probability is that the capital of the country is about as great, at present, as it would have been, had the late war with France not occurred, we sustain no inconveniency from the taxes imposed to defray its expences. Undoubtedly they form, and will most probably continue to form, for a lengthened period, a heavy drawback on the industry and prosperity of the country.' (p. 11—12.) 'The great depth of the funding system consists in its making the loss occasioned by war expenditure, seem less than it really is, which prevents an adequate stimulus being given to industry and economy.' (p. 407.)

LAND-TAX.

'Taxes on the rent of the land are extremely objectionable.' (p. 47) 'They retard, and, indeed, frequently arrest the progress of agricultural improvement.' (p. 52.) 'It is obvious that all projects for laying peculiar burdens on the land, however varnished or disguised, should no longer be looked upon as projects for the imposition of equitable taxes, but for the confiscation of the property of landlords. If such flagitious schemes be ever entertained, they will form a precedent that will justify the repudiation of the public debt, and the

'The land-tax' (of four shillings in the pound on the rental of estates, manors, and other real property,) 'has been but little burdensome, and has in no wise obstructed improvements... It was originally assessed, in most instances, on a very low valuation, and, (which is of infinitely more importance,) a limit was fixed beyond which it has never been carried.' (p. 59.) 'We may regret, perhaps, that the land-tax was not more equally assessed, and its limits considerably extended after the revolution. Whatever hard-

subversion of every right.' (p. 60.) 'The more, indeed, that their operation is inquired into, the more clearly it will appear, that taxes proportioned to the rent, or to the net produce of the land, are the bane of every country in which they exist.' (p. 61.)

'It is obvious, that, so far as estates may be improved by the contingencies alluded to, their proprietors would have nothing to object to the limitation of the valuation, which, on the contrary, would be highly advantageous to them. The proprietors of estates that had fallen in value, in consequence of these contingencies, would, however, have reason to complain, were they to continue to be assessed, in all time to come, on valuations made when their estates, owing to circumstances which no longer exist, bore a very high value; and therefore it would be right and proper to enact, that, though the valuation should be wholly unsusceptible of increase, it might under certain circumstances be reduced.' (p. 66.)

ship, or even injustice might have been occasioned, in 1693, by raising the range or the limits of the assessment, supposing it had been fairly made, from two to four, five or even six millions would have been obtained, very many years ago, and the country now would have been in possession of a large revenue, raised without inconvenience or prejudice to any one.' (p. 60.)

'It may be said, perhaps, that a tax proportioned to a permanent valuation of the land must, in the course of no very long time, become unequal, not merely from the influence of improvements, in certain districts, and not in others, but from changes of situation originating in the opening of new channels of commerce, and the shutting of the old; the growth and decay of manufactures in particular localities, and so forth. But, though these circumstances would undoubtedly alter the value of property, and vitiate the valuation, the consequences that would attend the periodical valuation of the land are such, that no policy of that sort should ever be thought of.' (p. 66.)

HOUSE-TAX.

'Taxes on houses have been, for a lengthened period, ordinary sources of revenue in this country, and we are inclined to think, that when these taxes are assessed according to the rent, they are the least objectionable that can be devised.' 'Houses used wholly as residences may, speaking generally, be taken as a pretty fair index of the incomes of their occupiers; and it may, in consequence, be presumed

'A prejudice was raised against the late house-tax, from a notion that it was unfairly assessed; and, in proof of this, it was said, that not a few of the middle class of inns and hotels paid a larger amount of house-duty than was paid by some of the most splendid baronial residences. But no one could honestly pretend that there was any unfairness in this, seeing that the house-duty was assessed,

that taxes laid on them, in proportion to the rent, would be in part pretty nearly proportioned to the abilities of the parties. . . . At all events, there can be no solid objection to the tax, provided it be equally imposed. It is neither unfair nor unjust for the government to lay it down, that individuals using certain articles, or occupying houses of a certain value, shall be charged with certain duties. . . . With respect to houses used partly only as residences, and partly as shops, or places of business, the better plan would seem to be to exempt the shop or place of business from the tax, and to assess the latter on that portion only of the building that is used as a dwelling-house.' (p. 69.)

not by what a house cost, but by the rent which it fetched, or which it would have fetched had it been actually let. . . . Being a tax dependent on the rent, how could the house-duty be levied on houses that were worth nothing, which none would inhabit, unless enticed by a considerable bonus? This objection might, however, have been obviated, by charging the tax on superior houses, partly only in proportion to their rent, and partly also in proportion to their cost.' (p. 72.)

TAXES ON WAGES.

'A tax on any article consumed by them (the working classes), provided it be not excessive, never fails to make them more industrious. Were their powers already tasked to the utmost, such, of course, would not be the case. But though far from being so comfortable as could be wished, they are not, fortunately, reduced to this miserable state, either here or any where else; they have still ample room for the exercise of greater industry, frugality, and ingenuity; and, so long as this is the case, they will continue to contribute, in the most effectual manner, to the revenue. We have great doubts whether the taxes on tobacco, spirits, and tea, have added any thing to the wages of labour; and whether all the large sums contributed to them, by out-door labourers, be not wholly the result of the greater industry and frugality occasioned by their desire to

'It is now admitted on all hands, that when wages rise, either from being taxed, or any other cause, that rise does not raise the price of commodities, or lower rent, but forms a deduction from the profits or income of those who employ labour.' (p. 104.) Suppose that they are made to hand over ten per cent. of their earnings to collectors appointed by the government; if the produce of the tax be laid out in hiring additional troops or sailors, it is easy to see that it can be productive of no immediate injury to the labourer. . . . wages would be raised in exact proportion to the amount of the tax.' (p. 105.) 'We should be disposed to consider direct taxes on wages as most objectionable, unless their produce were expended on the employment of additional troops, or removing labour from the market. And even in the cases in which taxes on wages are so ex-

command those gratifications.' (pp. 98, 99.) 'Without undervaluing the mischievous influence of taxes on necessities, over the condition of the inferior classes, it may be doubted whether their depressed situation in this country is to be ascribed to them. Indeed, the taxes laid directly on necessities amongst us are small, compared with those laid on them in most continental states.' (p. 108.) 'We apprehend, how paradoxical soever the statement may, at first sight, appear, that they have sustained still greater injury, from the late extraordinary extension of the manufacturing system.' (p. 109.)

pendent, it seems very questionable whether they should be resorted to.' (p. 107.) 'Whatever may be the incidence of taxes laid directly on wages, or on necessities, there is not much ground for supposing that the condition of the labourer would be sensibly improved by repealing such taxes.' (p. 157.) 'But whatever may be the influence of taxes on necessities over wages, and the condition of the labourers, their repeal, after they have been imposed for a considerable period, is always of singular advantage to them.' (p. 163.)

TAXES ON RAW PRODUCE.

'It is not possible, perhaps, to form a very accurate estimate of what the countervailing duty should amount to; but it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to show, that by fixing it at 5s. or 6s. a quarter on wheat, and other grain in proportion, the justice of the case would be satisfied, and the interests of the agriculturists and those of the public conciliated, and most effectually promoted. It has been objected to a fixed duty on foreign corn, that it could not be collected in years when there was any unusual deficiency in our harvests, the prices of corn, even without any duty, being then oppressively high.' 'It appears, therefore, however much the conclusion may be at variance with popular prejudices, that a fixed duty on corn would be most onerous, when prices were about the level at which importation can take place, or but a little higher. It would then, like the generality of custom duties, fall wholly on the importers or on the consumers here. But when prices rise considerably above the level of profit-

'When a government lays a duty on the foreign commodities which enter its ports, in ordinary cases, or when there is no sudden and extraordinary demand for the articles on which it is laid, it falls entirely on its own subjects by whom they are purchased.' (p. 195.) 'For the same reason, when a government lays a duty on the commodities which its subjects are about to export, it does not fall on them, but on those by whom they are bought. If, therefore, it were possible for a country to raise a sufficient revenue by laying duties on exported commodities, such revenue would be wholly derived from others, and would itself be relieved from the burden of taxation.' (p. 196.) 'It has been demonstrated, over and over again, that, generally speaking, restraints on the freedom of commerce, or on the territorial division of labour among different nations, are adverse to the progress of real opulence, and lasting improvements; and that the advantages which they sometimes confer on parti-

able importation, the duty has no sensible influence over them, and falls wholly on the foreigner. Hence the repeal or suspension of the duties, when prices are high, would be most impolitic; it would be sacrificing revenue, not for the benefit of our own people, but for that of the growers and dealers, in Poland, and other exporting countries.' (pp. 192, 193.)

cular classes of persons or businesses, is uniformly accompanied by more than a corresponding loss to the public. Providence, by giving different soils, climates, and natural products to different countries, has evidently intended that they should be mutually dependent upon, and serviceable to each other.' (p. 201).

EXCISE OR INLAND DUTIES.

'It has been objected to the excise duties that they greatly raise the cost of subsistence to the labouring class, but a glance at the foregoing tables, (of articles subject to excise duties,) 'shows that this assertion has no solid foundation.' (p. 235.) 'We do not think, notwithstanding its influence over agriculture, that the existing malt duty is open to any good objection. It is neither excessive in amount, (£4,500,000!) nor oppressive or troublesome in the mode of charge. It is needless to say, that the malt tax, like other taxes on commodities, falls wholly on the consumers.' (p. 238.) 'Its peculiar pressure on the land gives the agriculturists a legitimate claim, though all payments on accounts of tithes were abolished, to have a certain fixed duty imposed on foreign corn, in the event of the present sliding scale being abandoned.' (p. 239.)

'We may be assured that it is only by taxing commodities in general demand, and by identifying, as it were, the tax with the cost of the article, that the bulk of the population can ever be made to contribute largely to the support of the government.' (p. 254.)

'The oppressive extent to which the malt duty was latterly carried, coupled with the increased price of barley, and the increased amount of the beer duty, had the most powerful effect on checking the consumption of malt and beer.' (p. 237.) 'It is not easy to estimate the injury which this influence of the malt tax inflicts upon agriculture, but the fact of its inflicting an injury is indubitable.' (p. 238.) We cannot, however, afford to lose the revenue derived from it; so that it were idle to talk of its repeal. Its diminution even would be most unwise . . . and we are disposed to regard it as one of those duties which, in case any considerable increase of revenue were required, might be advantageously raised.' (p. 239.)

'Whatever may be the fate of a country subject to a high rate of taxation, it seems impossible to doubt that it operates as a clog on her progress, and that, *ceteris paribus*, it is a source of impoverishment and weakness.' (p. 389.) 'The heavy taxes which the payment of

'It is further to be borne in mind, that, as the taxes required to defray the interest of the public debt are seldom very oppressive, they not unfrequently exert a beneficial influence over industry; and, through the stimulus they give to invention and economy, usually replace (and sometimes more than replace) the interest. The stupendous inventions and discoveries of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, Wedgwood, and others, have hitherto falsified all the predictions of those who anticipated national ruin and bankruptcy from the rapid increase of the public debt; but these inventions and discoveries might have never been made, but for the stimulus given to the public energies by the increase of taxation, that grew out of the funding system.' (p. 401.)

interest (of the debt) involves, lays a country under the most serious difficulties, by reducing the rates of profits, crippling the public energies, and stimulating the transfer of capital and skill to other countries, where taxes are less oppressive.' (p. 401.) 'These statements are sufficient to demonstrate not the expediency merely, but the necessity, if we would guard against the most tremendous evils, of adopting every just and practical means for lessening the weight of taxation, and relieving the pressure on national resources.' (p. 391.)

We fear we have trespassed too long on the patience of our readers, by the multiplicity and the length of our quotations; but we beg to assure them, that, after serious cogitation, we could find no better, and, indeed, no other means of expounding, with any thing like accuracy and completeness, the principles of political economy professed by the Whig oracle in that science. We are convinced that nobody would have given the least credit to our statements, if we had confined ourselves to the customary mode of criticism, and if, after a regular controversy, on the principal points, we had expressed our honest opinion of the inconsistency of our author, instead of placing, as we have done, in juxtaposition his conflicting principles and opinions. Let not any suppose that we have taken much pains in searching for these contradictory extracts: quite the reverse; they are to be found in almost every page, and the only difficulty we experienced was in selection. We have left out ten times as many as we have inserted. Such is the work of Mr. M'Culloch, who, after approving and censuring, in turn, every kind of taxation, after advocating with the same breath, the imposition and the repeal, the reduction and the increase, of almost every duty, seeing that the day is fast approaching when the existing system must end in a dreadful convulsion, gravely tells us:—"How unphilosophical soever it may seem, the safest course will

then probably be, to fold our arms, and to leave the *dénouement* to time and Providence." (p. 111.)

No! the people of England will not fold their arms. They trust to Providence, but they know that, to help them out of their present deplorable condition, Providence enjoins them to help themselves; and, for that purpose, has endowed them with intelligent minds, with moral feelings, and with bodily strength. At all times, and everywhere, governments who have ruled in opposition to the intelligence, and in violation of the moral feelings of the people, have succumbed under the popular arm. These are the ways of Providence, so recently exemplified by the revolutions which, during the last half century, have convulsed France and the whole European continent. That the same causes, if not prudently eradicated, by a timely return to the principles of reason and justice, will again produce the same effects, is a matter of certainty to all that are not blind to the signs of the times. What, but a painful anticipation of the disastrous consequences of the actual state of social and political economy, in this country, could have induced a prime minister, the creature of a proud and grasping oligarchy, to turn against the oligarchs, and to demand from them the sacrifice of their monopolies, to the wants and to the rights of the people? Are not the two ministerial revolutions in a fortnight, which we have witnessed, a convincing proof that the age of ruling factions is gone by, that Whiggism and Toryism are equally powerless, against the necessities of our epoch and the menaces of a futurity already dawning; and that a new order of things, of which the two factions could not prevent the growth, imperiously demands concessions which neither of them will propose, or dare refuse.

Judging of the measures which Lord John Russell would have proposed, from the nostrums of the Whig authority we have quoted, we can hardly be dissatisfied with the reintegration of Sir Robert Peel in his office: not, however, that we expect from him the complete adoption and application in our financial system of an all-embracing reform, which alone can relieve the distress of the nation, without impairing the resources of the government. Such a reform, though indispensable, though unavoidable, though near at hand, cannot be accomplished by Sir Robert Peel. However convinced he might be of its necessity, practicability, and beneficial results, and however desirous of conferring those benefits on his country, he could not do it. He may attempt the great enterprise, and boldly take his stand on the field of civil, religious, and commercial freedom. But he will be defeated. He will open and pave the way for

more fortunate conquerors. He himself, unluckily, has devoted thirty years of his public life to the strengthening of the bulwarks of universal monopoly, in the storming of which he is doomed to fall. It is twenty-three years, and it seems to us as if it were but yesterday, since the clear-sighted Canning, shaking off the fetters which had so long trammelled his nobler nature, awoke the enslaved and torpid nations, and thunderstruck all the tyrants of Europe by the toast—'Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World!' Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, free trade, an equitable assessment of public taxes, and the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the people of the United Kingdom, were the meaning of that toast, as much as the breaking up of the Holy Alliance. We know that all this was intended, and would have been successively attempted; had not the minister been worried to death, at the beginning of his new career. Will Sir Robert Peel be deterred by the fear of retaliation? This would not save him, now, from the distrust and hatred of his former associates, or conciliate his old opponents. His best chance is still to follow at all hazards the example of Canning: he cannot, indeed, do otherwise. There are retributions which cannot be averted. Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue.

The repeal of the corn laws is no longer the sole object of the present agitation; that question has, in some sort, melted into the question of free trade in general, and free trade means nothing but abolition of the present system of taxation, and the substitution of another, founded upon clear, equitable, and economical principles, now known to, and professed by every one who is not prejudiced by his partiality for certain classes, or by his hostility to other classes, and to the mass of the people. In opposition to the inconsistencies of Mr. M'Culloch, we are going to reproduce those principles, and show how they are to be applied; but we must first enter into some statistical details, upon the amount and division of the real and personal property, and of the population of Great Britain, taking for basis the returns of 1841.

The superficies of the soil contains, in round numbers, fifty-six million eight hundred and thirty-two thousand acres, of which thirty-four million fourteen thousand acres are cultivated, nine million nine hundred and thirty-four thousand acres are uncultivated, though susceptible of cultivation, and twelve million eight hundred and eighty-four acres are deemed unfit for any produce. The Tory economists estimate the value of the land at £3,769,500,000.

On the soil are three million six hundred and fifty thousand inhabited houses, which are valued at £1,137,800,000.

The capital of the funded debt is £774,319,913, producing to the creditors an income of £28,701,458.

The capital invested in the banks, in foreign securities, in all kinds of companies, is valued at £489,650,000.

The capital invested in manufactures, and trade, and shipping, cannot be valued, with any exactness; but it is certainly not less than £1,200,000,000. Thus the aggregate amount of the wealth of Great Britain is about £7,371,270,000.

The population of Great Britain is now, in round numbers, eighteen million nine hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom nine million seven hundred and fifteen thousand are females. Of the nine million one hundred and eighty-five thousand males, four million seven hundred and twenty thousand are under twenty years of age; so that the virile population, that is to say, the men of twenty years of age and above, number four million four hundred and sixty-five thousand. Let us now see how they are distributed.

One million thirty-eight thousand of this number form the agricultural body, composed of about one hundred and eighty-seven thousand landlords, or tenants, who employ eight hundred and fifty-one thousand labourers, ploughmen, carters, drovers, gardeners, &c., &c.

Four thousand five hundred factories employ, either at the mills or as hand-loom weavers, one million one hundred and twenty thousand workmen.

The working of the coal-pits, of the iron and copper mines, and the manufacture of the metals, employ five hundred thousand.

The trades of all kinds, wholesale and retail merchants, with their clerks and assistants, are about one million one hundred and thirty thousand.

The royal navy and commercial marine, have for their share of this part of the population, about two hundred and forty thousand men.

Persons living on their incomes, officials, capitalists, and professional men, amount to about two hundred and ten thousand, and they have in their retinue about one hundred and ten thousand male servants.

Finally, the clergy come forth with two archbishops, twenty-five bishops, seven hundred and thirty-three deans, archdeacons, prebendaries, and canons, ten thousand seven hundred and forty-two incumbents, four thousand eight hundred and thirteen curates, and the fellows of the universities; total, about seventeen thousand seven hundred. The army, the prisons, and the work-houses, provide for the rest of the virile population.

Let us now see what is the distribution of property among this population.

More than four-fifths of the cultivated lands of Great Britain, that is to say, above twenty-eight million acres of the landed property in regular course of cultivation, belong to not more than eight thousand individuals ; and the remaining six millions of acres are, like the others, unequally divided among about one hundred and ninety thousand proprietors, the most part of whom, about one hundred and forty thousand, have their lands cultivated in gardens and pleasure grounds, round their residences ; about two thousand only of the others are, from taste or necessity, cultivating their own small estates as gentlemen farmers.

The agricultural interest, then, is represented by the eight thousand large landowners, by two thousand gentlemen farmers, by one hundred and eighty-five thousand tenant farmers ; altogether, one hundred and ninety-five thousand individuals ; with a retinue of eight hundred and fifty-one thousand labourers or servants. Supposing that the interests of the labourers were identical with those of their employers, and of the landlords of their employers ; and that they profited with them by the high prices of corn, in consequence of the corn laws ; they altogether form but a fourth part of the virile population : they are one million and forty-six thousand producers of corn, against three million four hundred and nineteen thousand consumers, whose interest it is to have cheap bread ; and, when there is such a difference in the numbers of the conflicting parties, it is madness to sacrifice the interests of the majority. But the agricultural labourers have not the same interest with their employers, with regard to the price of corn. Cheap bread will be a blessing to them, as well as to the rest of the community. Thus, then, the agricultural interest is but the interest of eight thousand landowners, and, at the utmost, of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand mistaken farmers, with ten thousand seven hundred and forty-two clerical incumbents of church livings.

With the exception, then, of two hundred thousand individuals, the people of England have no property in the soil of the country. The case is much the same, with regard to all other sorts of property. The three million six hundred and fifty thousand inhabited houses are the property of, at the utmost, four hundred and fifty thousand persons ; the landowners, again, all coming in for the best share, in this sort of property. The number of the fundholders is about two hundred and eighty-three thousand. The official return of the Bank shows a striking similarity between the distribution of the public debt and that of the landed property. ' Of the two hundred and eighty-two thousand

three hundred and forty-nine warrants issued to receive dividends, at the Bank of England, eighty-five thousand nine hundred and ninety-one were for sums not exceeding £5. Above forty-five thousand warrants were, at the same time, issued for sums under, and not exceeding £10.' So that about the half of the fundholders (one hundred and thirty-one thousand of them) do not take altogether £800,000, out of the £28,701,458, interest of the public debt. About one hundred thousand more receive, from the same source, from two to three millions sterling a year; but the bulk of the income derived from the funding system, £25,000,000 a year, is shared among about only fifty thousand large fundholders.

The landowners, the householders, the fundholders, are, at the same time, the possessors of the best part of the capital invested in the principal branches of manufactures and industry, in the public or private companies, and in the banks. In short, nearly the whole of the real, personal, or funded property, and the capital of the country, is possessed by about two hundred thousand individuals; one-tenth of it, at the utmost, is unequally divided amongst about three hundred thousand more; and four millions of the virile population of Great Britain do not possess an inch of their fatherland, nor a dwelling, how miserable soever, nor funds or capital of any description. Their intelligence, their hands, and their energy, are their only means of support; not for themselves only, but also, in most cases, for a wife and infant children. Such is our social economy! Can any thing be worse than this?

Yes! there can be, and there is, something worse than this social economy; it is our political economy, and especially that part of the system which regulates the assessment and the collection of the taxes. 'In most eastern countries,' says Mr. M'Culloch (p. 56), 'the government is, as it were, head landlord: the tax paid by the occupiers being, in general, equivalent to a pretty high rent. But, in European countries, the proprietors have luckily been able to oppose a more effectual resistance to the encroachments of their rulers.' The plain English of this Whig sentence is: Here, in England, all the lands were originally granted by the Crown, on condition of such services as should be required for its support. *Luckily*, the grantees were able to violate the agreement, to refuse the services; to substitute for them a land tax, at the rate of four shillings in the pound of the rental of their estates, which tax they subsequently reduced to less than one shilling, by the loose and dishonest valuations which they themselves made; and to throw upon the people all the burden of taxation, by enacting customs and excise duties.

The aggregate of these customs and excise duties on malt,

spirits, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, soap, and licences alone, amounts to above £32,000,000 a year, which, being paid by the four million four hundred and sixty-five thousand individuals of the virile population, is at the rate of £7 3s. 4d. per head. Now, if we consider that four millions of these individuals are working men, with an average salary of ten shillings per week, or twenty-six pounds a year, when constantly employed, it follows that, on the total yearly amount of their wages (£104,000,000), that part of the population who have nothing in the world which they can call their own, except their limbs, and their unparalleled industry and perseverance, pay £28,560,000, that is to say, at the rate of very nearly twenty-six per cent. of their scanty earnings, whilst the possessors of the most enormous wealth ever accumulated in any country, contribute only £3,344,000 to the two main sources of the revenue of the state.

The corn laws, as we stated before, and we must add the tithes, press almost exclusively upon the working classes, and by increasing at least twenty-five per cent. the prices of their necessities, are but additional taxes imposed upon them, for the benefit of eleven thousand clergymen, of the eight thousand large landowners, and of their hundred and eighty-seven thousand farmers; supposing that farmers may participate, as they believe, in the profits derived from those laws; which, with other taxes and duties, such as those on cotton, wool, tallow, glass, paper, the window tax, &c., &c., pressing also, though with less inequality, on the working classes, nearly take from them another twenty-five per cent. of their hard-earned wages. About fifty per cent. of the earnings of the poor, taken from them, and the wealthy of the land scot free; such is our political economy, in praise of which Mr. M'Culloch writes in the following strain:

'It would, no doubt, be in various respects desirable that the inhabitants of a country should contribute to the support of the government, in proportion to their means. *This is obviously, however, a matter of secondary importance.* It is the business of the legislator, to look at the practical influence of different taxes, and to resort in preference to those by which the revenue may be raised with least inconvenience. Should the taxes least adverse to public interests fall on the contributors according to their respective abilities, it will be an additional recommendation in their favour. But the *salus populi* is, in this, as it should be in every similar matter, the first consideration; and the tax which is best fitted to promote, or least opposed to this great end, though it may not press equally on the different orders of society, is to be preferred to a more equal but otherwise less advantageous tax.'—p. 19.

Such were the arguments used, sixty years ago, by the aristocracy, the courtiers, and the M'Cullochs of France, who had

expelled the honest and popular Turgot, and the virtuous Malesherbe from the councils of Louis XVI. ; and which, seven years later, were invoked, but for a very different purpose, by Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Barère, and their fellow members of the Committee of *Public Safety* ! Monarchy, aristocracy, clergy, seignorial and manorial privileges, tithes, immunities of taxation, —the *salus populi* had crushed and annihilated them altogether.

May Providence avert from Great Britain the calamities which overwhelmed her neighbours ! But when we reflect on the distressed and unbearable condition of the people, on the one side ; and when, on the other, we consider the blindness, the obstinacy, the madness of their ruling oppressors, we should almost despair of a bloodless adjustment of the national claim to a more equitable system of social and political economy, if a few men, suddenly raised to eminence, equally remarkable for their intelligence and for their energy, justly proud of, and faithful to their popular origin, did not allay our fears ; and if the good sense, the forbearance, and, at the same time, the strength of the people themselves, did not give us the hope, that, under their new and trusty leaders, the struggle will not be long, nor the victory be tainted with revenge.

As to the principles which must inevitably prevail, and which alone can secure, for the future, the tranquillity and the welfare of the people, they are few and clear ; and their equitable application presents no difficulty whatever to conscientious and right-minded men. They all proclaim, that, governments being instituted for the benefit of the subject, for the protection of his person, of his property, of his profession, and of his industry, the subject is bound to contribute to the maintenance of the government in proportion to the protection and other advantages which he derives from it, and also to his abilities. The necessity of taxation is admitted by all, with this restriction, however, that the amount of taxation claimed by the government shall never exceed the sum requisite to defray the expences of the state ; that these expences shall be regulated with prudent economy ; and that no tax, of any sort, shall be levied on certain classes, or on the whole nation, for the benefit of one or more particular classes.

As to the modes of raising the taxes, the best is evidently that which lets every tax-payer know, with the utmost accuracy, the amount of his debt to the state ; and thereby protects the subject against the exactions of the tax-gatherer ; that which is levied with the least possible annoyance to the parties subject to it ; and, finally, that which is collected at the smallest possible cost, and, at the same time, with the least difficulty.

It results from these principles, that indirect taxation, customs

duties, excise duties, corn laws, and tithes, are as bad in principle, as they are expensive in their collection and mischievous in their effects. Direct taxes are the only ones that suit a free country; the only ones susceptible of equitable assessment, and of easy and economical collection; the only ones that can prevent fraud on the part of the contributor, exaction on the part of the collector, or those combinations between the two, so prejudicial to the state, and of which we have lately seen so many instances: finally, they are the only ones whose efficacy or faults can soon and easily be ascertained, and improved or corrected. Let us now proceed to the application of our principles.

The government protects the person of the subject; all subjects are, as individuals, of equal value in the eyes of the government, and they are of equal value in their own estimation. The ploughman's and the weaver's life and security are of as much importance to them, as the life and security of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Duke of Wellington, may be to the most reverend prelate and to the noble duke themselves. The personal tax, a head-tax, imposed upon every man of and above twenty years of age, and of the same amount for all, is a natural consequence of the natural equality of men. This tax, at the rate of five per cent. of the average wages of the working men, (10s. per week,) would produce, for the whole of the male population of Great Britain, £5,800,000 a-year.

The government protects individuals in the possession and in the enjoyment of their landed property. Individuals therefore must pay for that protection, first, in proportion to the actual value of that property, when they take possession of it, either by inheritance, or by purchase; and, secondly, in proportion to the annual rent which they derive from the land. If, as we have it from Whig and Tory economists, the value of all the landed property in Great Britain amounts to the sum of £3,769,500,000, the whole of that property passing from one to another, in the course of twenty-five years, either by the death of proprietors or by sale, it follows that, on the average, landed property to the amount of £150,780,000, passes from one to another proprietor every year. A legacy, or inheritance duty, graduated according to the degree of relationship, but the minimum of which should be three per cent., and a registration of transfer duty of six per cent. of the price of the property sold, would produce, on an average of four per cent., £6,031,200 a-year.

We have stated in a preceding page, that the land was originally granted on condition of performing some military or feudal services, but that the grantees had compounded those duties for a tax of four shillings in the pound, which, however,

they contrived to reduce to one shilling. The landowners would have no reason to complain, if, instead of binding them to their former agreement, a duty of ten per cent. on their rental were demanded from them. But at the same time care should be taken to take for the basis of the assessment, the leases themselves, and the amount of fines exacted from the tenants, so that the old trick of mock valuation should not be repeated. The landlords, and their economists, in order to escape taxation, gravely tell us, that the total rental from the land in England and Wales is only £33,000,000, whilst, when they wish to prove the superiority of agriculture over manufactures, they proclaim that the annual produce of agriculture in Great Britain amounts, in value, to £280,000,000. These two valuations are rather at variance the one with the other, and prove the necessity of a more accurate assessment. But we are sure that the most rigorous researches would establish that the annual rental from land in Great Britain amounts to more than £70,000,000. A duty of ten per cent. would produce £7,000,000.

Extending to the householders that principle which we have applied to the landowners, a tax upon the transfer of houses, by inheritance or by sale, must be imposed. The total value of all the houses being £1,137,800,000, and the average value of the houses sold or inherited being £45,512,000, a duty, on an average of four per cent., will produce £1,820,480.

The total rental from houses in Great Britain amounting to from £55,000,000, to £60,000,000, a tax of ten per cent. on the minimum rental of £55,000,000, will amount to £5,500,000.

Thus the annual income of the state, arising from taxes on real property and from a tax per head, in Great Britain alone, would amount to above £26,000,000; the half of the actual expenditure for the government of the United Kingdom. Another portion of the expenditure must be supplied by taxes on personal property, which being entitled to, and obtaining the same protection from the state, as real property, must contribute in the same manner and in the same proportion, to the support of the state. We must, therefore, follow up the application of our principle.

The whole capital of the debt due by the state to some of its subjects, like real property, passes by inheritance from one proprietor to another in the course of twenty-five years. This capital amounting to £774,319,913, it follows that there are such transfers of this capital amounting, on an average, to £30,972,796. An inheritance or legacy duty, averaging four per cent., will produce during the year £1,238,911.

The interest paid to the holders of stock amounts to £28,701,458. An income-tax of ten per cent. on the interest, which is equal to that paid by the landowner on his rental, or

by the working man on his wages, will annually produce £2,870,145.

Industry, manufactures, and commerce, shipping, banking, joint-stock companies of every sort; and, lastly, all professions and trades, in return for the protection which the state extends to them, are bound to provide, in proportion to the benefits derived from that protection, for the wants of the state. Here, however, there is an immense difference in the extent and efficacy of governmental protection as regards the landowner and the fundholder on the one part, and, on the other, the class which is now the subject of our observations. Government cannot secure to this class a regular and certain rate of profits for the capital invested, as in the case of the fundholder. Government cannot even guarantee the conservation of the capital ventured in pursuits which, however well combined and managed, are subject to innumerable failures from external causes. £40,000 may suddenly disappear from the banking-house of Messrs. Rogers; but nobody can steal forty thousand acres from the estates of the Duke of Sutherland. Besides risks of all kinds, there is another difference between the three classes which will justify a lower rate of taxation for the latter. The landowner and the fundholder get their incomes without giving themselves the least trouble, whilst the industrialists, agriculturists, manufacturers, and all others comprised in the latter class, must work hard indeed, and endure all sorts of anxieties, to secure profits at all commensurate with their risks. For this reason, while the landowner is taxed ten per cent. of his rent, the occupier, or tenant-farmer, ought not in fairness to be taxed more than five per cent. of his income. This income has been valued for the assessment of the income-tax at one-half of the rent, which, in Great Britain, amounting to £70,000,000, gives £35,000,000 as the profits of the one hundred and eighty-seven thousand farmers. The tax of five per cent. would therefore produce £1,750,000.

The capital invested in joint-stock banks, or companies for railways, canals, insurances, &c., &c., amounts now to above £500,000,000, which, like other property, being subject to legacy duty, would annually produce, according to the preceding computations, £800,000.

The incomes of all the joint-stock banks or companies, on an average profit of five per cent., would amount to £25,000,000; and a tax of five per cent. upon their profits, paid by the companies, would amount to £1,250,000.

The commercial marine of Great Britain numbers about forty thousand vessels of all kinds, employed in the coasting and foreign trade, the aggregate tonnage of which is above six

million tons. Their value may be safely estimated at £250,000,000; on which capital, the legacy duty would annually produce £400,000.

An annual tax of two shillings and sixpence per ton on every vessel would produce £1,700,000, and the commercial marine would thus discharge its debt to the state for its protection.

The capital invested in manufactures and trades, as well as in private banks and mines, cannot be ascertained with anything like accuracy; and it is still more difficult to ascertain the profits derived from these occupations. The result of our long and laborious investigations is, that the capital invested in them, as well as by wholesale and retail merchants and dealers, cannot be less than £1,200,000,000, on which the legacy duty, as before explained, would annually produce £1,920,000.

It being utterly impossible to ascertain the exact amount of profits, we must be content with an approximate valuation, generally admitted as very fair, not only here, in England, but also everywhere on the Continent. Ten per cent. of the capital invested in trade or business is considered as the average annual return of this capital; which return is divided in halves under the two heads of interest of the money invested and profits. The annual produce of a capital of £1,200,000,000 invested in private banks, mines, manufactures, and trades, according to this computation, is therefore £120,000,000. A tax of five per cent. will amount to £6,000,000. a-year.

The adoption of a general and equitable system of licences is the most efficacious, if not the only practical mode of assessing and collecting this tax, so as to make it bear on the several classes in proportion to their respective means; that is to say, to the capital invested in, and to the income derived from, their business. To effect this, is not a matter of great difficulty. Without entering into details, which would harass our readers, we will show, in two instances, how the principle may be applied. In the case of two manufacturers, one employing one hundred persons, and the other five hundred or more, and the fixed licence duty being £50 a-year, we suppose a proportional duty should be added, such as 5s. a-year for every person under twelve years of age; 10s., from twelve years of age to sixteen; 15s., from sixteen to twenty; and, lastly, £1. for every man of twenty years of age or above. Thus both manufacturers would be taxed according to their presumed profits.

There being in Great Britain seventy thousand publicans, or inn, tavern, and hotel-keepers, a licence duty of £2. on the publicans in villages, and of £4. in towns, with a proportional duty of 2s. in the pound on the rent of their houses, would secure an equitable assessment of the tax. The licences of the

innkeepers, subject to a duty of £6. in villages, £9. in country towns, and £12. in London, should in the same manner equally affect all persons comprised in this class, by the same addition of 2s. in the pound on the amount of the rent of their houses.

Attorneys, barristers, apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians, should be subjected to the general licensing system. Like other tradespeople, they are bound to pay for the protection which they receive, and for the professional privileges which it secures to them.

A laborious investigation of trades, professions, and occupations of all kinds, satisfies us, and would satisfy our readers, if we could enter into particulars, that £6,000,000 a year, and even more, would be produced by this tax, without harshness to the contributor, and without trouble or expense to the collector.

Of all the duties at present in existence, the only ones which should be continued are the stamp duties on deeds, bills of exchange, promissory notes, and receipts, and the duties on private carriages, servants, horses, dogs, and shooting licences, or game certificates; amounting altogether to about four millions two hundred thousand pounds. All other duties should be abolished.

The aggregate amount of the produce of this direct system of taxation would be, for Great Britain, £46,180,736, to which must be added £1,000,000, derived from the post-office and from the crown lands. Thus we have a national income, exceeding by nearly £1,500,000 that which is now raised by the unequal, oppressive, and demoralising system of customs and excise duties, and all the other taxes. The same system applied to Ireland, would yield more than the £4,000,000 which the sister country, at present, contributes to the national revenue; and the revenue of Great Britain and Ireland would amount to £51,180,736.*

To all the advantages of the proposed system of direct over indirect taxation, must be added an economy of above £2,500,000 in the collection of the revenue; the abolition of that inquisitorial espionage, frequently degenerating into regular warfare on the part of the customs and excise officers, against the people; and, last though not least, the curtailment of the corrupting patronage of the ministry, by the suppression of above fifteen thousand offices.

Such is our political economy, with regard to taxation; and

* Sir Robert Peel stated last year, that, with the reductions made in the customs duties, the revenue for the year ending April 5, 1846, would amount to £50,300,000; and it appears, from the official returns, that the income, for the year ending January 5, 1846, amounts to £50,601,988.

we feel convinced, that, before long, notwithstanding the opposition of the monopolists, in spite of the Whig and Tory economists, and without regard to the lamentations of the place-holders and of the place-hunters, something like this system must be adopted. Nothing short of it can remedy the distress and secure the lasting prosperity of the nation.

Since we wrote the foregoing article, a new publication, entitled, 'Thoughts on Finance and Colonies,' by Publius, [London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1846] has come to hand. Feeling equal to any hard task, after reading Mr. M'Culloch, we did not mind wasting an hour or two in reading Publius; and, having done so, we may as well say a few words on his curious performance.

To his country, Publius dedicates 'thoughts on finance and colonies.' This dedicatory page will no doubt strike the reader, by its laconism, and impress upon his mind a due sense of the patriotism of Publius, and of the value which he attaches to his own thoughts.

In the first chapter, 'the synopsis,' Publius announces his 'plan for a slight recasting of the corn laws, and of a few items of the tariff, in 1846;' he then separates the remaining protective covering into five folds, of equal thickness, one of which he supposes removed every three years, till the fifth and last disappearance in 1861. 'There are strong financial and political reasons for fixing on the year 1861 as the limit of protection.' (p. 6.) The last twelve pages of the chapter (from 21 to 33) are devoted to a most fulsome laudation of Sir Robert Peel, whose conversion to free trade is compared to the conversion of St. Paul; and who is represented as the instrument of a watchful Providence, in forwarding the growth and progress of the church, and of the interests of the aristocracy.

In the second chapter, a very short one, on '*population—property—revenue*,'—we see how they will all prosperously increase, so that, 'in 1901, with a population of fifty-seven million inhabitants, and one hundred millions in revenue, England will go onwards, elevating her head among the nations, yet higher and higher—the chief pioneer, whom the Most High has selected out of all nations and tongues, for carrying forward his gracious designs towards the ransomed posterity of Adam.'

'*Taxation,—general principles*,' is the subject of the third chapter, in which Publius unfolds his plan of taxation, supported with scriptural texts, poetical and grandiloquent sentences, and algebraical equations, worthy of a Cambridge man; and, here and there, some hard hits at Mr. M'Culloch. In this chapter, Publius also offers a plan, 'easy and practicable,' for the

redemption of the national debt, and capable of accomplishment within fixed and determined periods, (p. 99 ;)’ ‘by means of an orderly, systematised, and scientific course of life insurances.’ (p. 100.)

The fourth chapter is but a short introduction to the fifth ; ‘*Colonies : general principles stated and applied.*’ Publius, however, overlooks all the colonies with the exception of Canada ; and, there, the application of his general principles consists in erecting the colony into a kingdom, for Prince Alfred, who will marry a granddaughter of Louis Philippe, and, after thus conciliating the French and English populations, will keep in check the turbulent republicans of the States. It is amusing to follow the author in his speculations, in his description of the ‘scene in the far-west, of the new kingdom rising up—the name New England and France: Montreal changed to New London; Quebec, to New Paris,—the prince coming with his bride to their kingdom, attended by a mighty cortege of the highest in church and state; the solemn coronation of the two at New London, &c., &c. O glorious and transporting sight!’ (pp. 132, 133.)

We suppose the author to be a young man of kind and benevolent dispositions ; and we regret not to be able to give to his performance any other praise than that of good intent.

Art. II.—*Sermons ; Second Series.* By Richard Winter Hamilton, L.L.D.
D.D. Hamilton Adams, Jackson and Walford, London.

THE author of this volume has been so frequently before the public, and some of his works have been so fully reviewed in former numbers of this journal, as to supersede the necessity of lengthened remark on his mental characteristics and style of composition.

There is no living writer, we think, who so uniformly stamps, as Dr. Hamilton does, the full impress of his powers on his various publications. Some of his subjects may be more to our liking than others, but let the theme he takes be what it may, he discovers in discussing it, the same grasp of thought, the same richness of fancy, the same affluence of illustration. If we may judge from internal evidence, most writers seem to sit down to their tasks with only a general idea of the topic they propose to handle, which, however, becomes more and more definite as they work upon it, so that many of its diversified applications are at length brought under review. Others appear as if they were able by anticipatory musings, to vision out

before the mental eye the whole discussion ere they put pen to paper, and by a peculiar force of imagination to keep this picture before the understanding while it works off a description of it, as Sir Joshua Reynolds would have done of a painting by Raphael or Rubens. The author of these discourses seems to belong to this latter class. We should suppose him to be a stranger to everything like vexation or regret, over imperfect developments of his views on the subjects he lays before the public. We do not mean that he is ever flushed with a proud gladness, as if he had accomplished his task better than any other could have done it: there is every indication of his being among the humblest of men. We simply mean, that while he would be ready to assert, in all sincerity of conviction, his inferiority to many of his brethren, who yet were, in reality, far below him; he knows, we suspect, little or nothing of the distress so many endure from the impossibility they feel of doing justice to their own ideal of a subject.

Nothing can be more peculiar than the method Dr. Hamilton adopts in his treatment of a topic,—a method which has a glorious mannerism about it—but his variety under that method is inexhaustible. A chastised Calvinism is his doctrinal distinction, and activity of mind, his leading intellectual characteristic. Surprise cannot but be felt at the number of his thoughts, their easy movement, and their sure gyration round some master principle, into which he resolves his text. Whoever is familiar with his earlier books, can give a sure guess as to the way in which he will approach his theme; but beyond this general idea, can never anticipate what he will produce upon it. It is a guess which irritates instead of extinguishing curiosity. Every subject, though in one sense treated alike, has its own freshness, its own fulness, its own vastness. There is just the sameness which the reader wishes to find in a great author, with that *otherness* of thought and illustration which invests with the charm of perfect novelty each succeeding publication. The themes included in the present volume are of the loftiest order. We need only give in proof of the assertion, the titles of some of the discourses: 'The Revealed Deity,' 'The Grandeur of Redemption,' 'Moral Inability,' 'The mystery of the Incarnate God,' 'Jesus Christ the Cause and Consummator of all Things,' 'The Immediate Blessedness of Departed Saints,' 'The Ministry of Angels,' 'The Resurrection of the Just,' 'The Judgment of the Last Day,' 'The Final Heaven.'

If we were to indulge in extracts, there is scarcely a page which would not supply us with some exquisite specimens of textual exposition, or sustained argument, or vivid illustration,

or piercing application; but we would rather refer our readers to the entire volume. Occasionally, expansion is, perhaps, carried to excess, and there are some figures which we wish had been expunged by the author, as he revised for the press. Yet, judging by the effect of the whole, and in the recollection of the many fine thoughts and gorgeous images, to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of what our taste would have rejected, we are in no mood to find fault. Ever and anon, also, we come to single sentences of such transcendent power, or beauty, as render us impatient of all reference to minor blemishes. They usually occur at the close of a paragraph, and are designed to exhibit its meaning in a condensed form, and yet add a something more to it. Such epitomies are made with extraordinary skill. They thrill on the understanding and heart, with magnificent effect, so that for very pleasure's sake we cannot help reading them again and again. Separated from their connection they might be given as precious texts for thought, and meditative minds would be instantly fascinated as by a spell; but their exuberant richness can only be properly appreciated, when they are read in the place where the author has put them. They plenipotentise beyond the *auræ sententiæ* of any other theological writer of the day. An example of this pregnant brevity of sentence occurs in an early page of the first sermon, where, speaking of the Divine Nature, he says, 'What is congenial, what is lawful, what is susceptible for God to love fully, justly, save his own nature? For if God is love, we enquire—love of what? Say of being? He is the 'fountain of life.' Say of excellence? He is the reason, the glory, the judge of all virtue. *It is by his self-love that all the activities of his far-beaming and out-working benevolence are informed and ruled.*' A hundred others, as good, and scores of others even better, for suggestiveness than this, might be found, but we take the first which offers. It is an average instance.

It would be hardly fair, however, to omit all specimen of the manner in which subjects are discussed in this volume. The citation we shall give, will be taken from the sermon on the immediate blessedness of departed saints. It is long, but we are mistaken if it does not greatly interest our readers, by the exposition it gives of a difficult passage, at the same time rendering that passage, strikingly illustrative of the text, 'The spirits of just men made perfect.'

'These separated spirits, are represented to us, as in a state of exalted advancement, depending upon their disembodiment.

'This doctrine of immediate happiness was not entirely concealed from the ancient saints. Their language occasionally leads us to think that they had some conception of it. Yet every passage of

Scripture which has been cited, may not be found strictly to apply—‘Thou wilt not leave my soul in the invisible world,’ said David, but it was when ‘in spirit’ he spoke of his distant Son. ‘And afterward, Thou wilt receive me to glory,’ cried Asaph, but the word does not compel the strictly consecutive idea. The truth seems more clear in the following expressions: ‘God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me.’ ‘He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness’. In both these passages there is an intimation of a higher nature, that which is ‘redeemed,’ and which can be ‘received,’ that which is detached from what rests in its bed and which can be actively ‘upright’ still. Yet, as a solacing support, it was scarcely discovered, even by ‘prophets and righteous men:’ feebly was it enjoyed. The grave to them was dark. Jesus had not lain in it. They shrunk from death as from a suspension of their powers and joys. Bereavement smote them as an irremediable woe. ‘Lest I be like those that go down into the pit.’ ‘The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.’ ‘Spare me a little longer before I go hence and be no more.’ ‘They that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. And had they known the receptacle of departed spirits, it ought not to have inspired the delightful hopes we cherish. It was doubtless a sphere of spiritual bliss. It was ‘Abraham’s bosom.’ It was ‘under the earth.’ The divine presence was intimately vouchsafed. The higher advantages of the Christian economy were gladly awaited. It was a heaven, but it was not the proper heaven. It was not the dwelling of the Deity. Enoch and Elijah were not in it. They were taken to God. Christ was not then incarnate, nor offered up: consequently he was not there. We think that we but follow the light of Scripture, confessedly feeble as to this intimation, in maintaining that these spirits, held until then in a nether and unequal heaven, ascended with Christ to heaven proper and exalted, to the heaven which he now inhabits, though not necessarily the final heaven. It is fitted for materialism, because the persons of the Antediluvian saint and the Tishbite prophet have their abode in it, most of all, because the glorified humanity of Jesus distinguishes and identifies it. It is at least, all that spirits need. Who would now speak of it as Abraham’s bosom? It is not the same in region, or in state, as that to which the souls of the ancient righteous were borne. It is surely reasonable to think that while all is advanced by Christianity on earth, there is corresponding advancement in all which it so entirely affects, beyond these earthly bounds. If there be more bliss here, the bliss of other worlds must be augmented. What then is the testimony of Scripture? ‘Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that *slept*.’ It is an action upon the past; it is a benefit to the *former* dead; *they* owe to his resurrection, a most important change—‘Thou hast ascended on high: thou hast led *captivity captive*.’ It is untrue, in fact, and incorrect in figure, that such language of triumph intends the dragging of *enemies*, as at

his chariot wheels. How can we interpret *captivity* into the power of making *captive*? It is a subjective thing. It may be asked, in reply, How can we take captive such passive captivity? We offer the following historic illustrations: When Chedorlaomer despoiled the cities of the plain, Lot was 'taken captive.' Abraham 'armed his trained servants, pursued and smote the enemy, and brought back all the goods, and also brought again his brother Lot.' Here was recapture. Captivity was led captive, or the 'captivity was turned again.' Held of the foe, the captives seem assailed, but it is in kindness and for rescue. Though they appear to suffer a second captivity, it is at the hands of their deliverers and friends. It is not their discomfiture, but their enfranchisement,—When Ziklag was burned and sacked by the Amalekites, they 'took the women captive and carried them away.' Ahinoam and Abigail were among them. David at the bidding of the ephod pursued the robbers, 'recovered all that they had taken away, and rescued his two wives.' This was recapture. They who were torn away from home and liege, are snatched from their abductors and the 'captivity' is 'led captive.' It is a new seizure, but it is from the grasp of the foe.—When in the ode of Deborah she sings, 'Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive,' the appeal supposes that he had broken the chains of his people, whom the 'Lord had sold into the hand of Jabin, king of Canaan.' Let these illustrations be now applied. Departed souls were in a captivity. Death had disunited them from the body. Though their captivity was made happy, it was estrangement. They were not on earth. They were not in heaven. Though their circumstances were over-ruled for their blessedness, the circumstances themselves, did not tend to it. They were children of a captivity, or a throng of spirits, over which death yet exercised a disadvantageous and fearful influence. Christ was the conqueror. 'He spoiled principalities and powers.' Of him it was declared that he should 'swallow up death in victory.' He ascends! He is 'received up into glory!' There are not only the angels and the chariots in their thousands of thousands,—there is another train! All holy spirits follow Him, who had appeared a spirit to them, in their place of keeping. They now forsake that place for 'things above.' They are led by their deliverer, as a once captive band (though made glad in spite of such bondage, by Him, who only suffered their detention with a view to their ultimate release,) and this procession, albeit 'a captivity,' is not one of prisoners, but of the enlarged and disenthralled. They rejoice in the triumph, they partake of the victory, it is their jubilee; they are the liberated, the ransomed and the redeemed. 'As he spoke by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began, that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us'—and therefore it is said in the text; 'Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect.' But this is asserted as a privilege unknown before. It arises from the New Covenant, in contradistinction from the Old. It is explained: 'God having provided

some better things for us,' (than for those who died before the rising of Christ,) 'that they without us' (without living until our time and under our dispensation) 'should not be *made perfect*;' but they are *now made perfect* in common with us. This perfection is bestowed upon all past, as well as for all future time, and 'ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect.'

'It is thus that we shall experience the very changes which the Lord of the dead and of the living bore: He died, his spirit went from him, it sojourned in the abode where the purest spirits called from earth alone could dwell, he rose bodily, his whole manhood was completed in that event, he ascended, and when he had thus overcome the sharpness of death, he opened the kingdom of heaven for all believers.* 'Every one that is perfect, shall be as his Master.' (pp. 332—5.)

To this view of the passage we can see no valid objection. It is by no means new: with the exception of what is said of the consciousness of departed saints in the separate state before the resurrection of the Messiah, the exposition is precisely similar to that which Hallet gave in his Notes to the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, above a century ago, though Dr. Hamilton does not seem aware of the coincidence.

The volume is dedicated to Dr. Henry Burder, of Hackney, formerly one of Dr. Hamilton's tutors at Hoxton; and we can easily imagine the joyous satisfaction with which he will peruse the pages of his distinguished pupil.

We certainly do not expect that the work will be popular with general readers. It is too intellectual a production we fear for such a wide dispersion. The ministers of our different denominations, however, are numerous enough to purchase one or two editions, and we deliberately think that none of them ought to be without a copy. It is a book which will be pondered by many now, but which, we doubt not, will be still more read and appreciated by the generation to come.

Art. III.—*Poems*, by Thomas Hood. 2 vols. Moxon.

ALTHOUGH few modern writers have attained a wider celebrity than the late Thomas Hood, perhaps scarcely any one of their number has been less truly known,—we might almost say more misunderstood,—as to the true bent of his genius, than the poet, who, little more than two years since, startled the whole land, by his intensely powerful 'Song of the Shirt.' In the literary

* Quoted from that noble hymn, the 'Te Deum.'

world, indeed, Thomas Hood was always recognized as a poet of no ordinary standing; but among the mass of readers, amused from year to year, by the laughable stories, and playful verses, and whimsicalities of his 'Comic Annual,' he was known only as the humorous poet, and ludicrous prose writer, who furnished them with their Christmas-tide stock of mirth.

But it was not under this character that he wished to appear to the world, nor to have his name handed down to posterity. The publication, therefore, of these two little volumes, containing his serious poetry, affords us a suitable occasion for some remarks on the peculiar characteristics of a writer, who died ere he had half worked out the nobler purposes to which his mature genius had devoted itself, but who yet lived long enough to produce some poems, 'which the world will not willingly let die.'

The genius of Thomas Hood—strange as the assertion may appear to the majority of our readers—was essentially melancholy. We use this term rather in its elder sense, as denoting deep and solemn reflection; for with the modern melancholies superinduced by exaggerated self-importance, or by a sickly constitution, or a sickly intellect, he had no sympathy; and thus, in his earliest poems, there was a sententiousness, an intense thoughtfulness, which gave little indication of the future author of the most popular comic works of the day. In these earliest poems,—which appeared in the 'London Magazine,' when that periodical boasted the names of Charles Lamb, Barry Cornwall, De Quincy, and Thomas Carlyle, among its contributors, his noble 'Hymn to the Sun,' his wild fragment entitled 'The Sea of Death,' when—

' Sad were my thoughts that anchored silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath :—

and that powerful and most pathetic tale of 'Lycus the Centaur,' as well as many shorter pieces, varied, as they were in style, were all marked by deep melancholy. His mind, indeed, seems to have been almost weighed down by the wealth of his imagination.

' All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust ;—
O! give her then her tribute just,

Her sighs, and tears, and musings holy !
 There is no music in the life
 That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;
 There's not a string attuned to mirth,
 But has its chord in melancholy."—vol. ii. p. 264.

Thus sang the future author of the 'Comic Annual.' To some, there will appear a strange contradiction in this, but the history of genius presents many similar instances. Nor is it surprising that the mind, weighed down by solemn and anxious musings, should turn with strong effort to the wildest and most playful exercises of the fancy, and find relief from deep sadness even in laughter. The great success of Mr. Hood's first comic work, 'Whims and Oddities,' encouraged him to continue; but it was still to graver poetry that his inclination turned: and in 1827 he published that graceful poem, 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' his 'Hero and Leander,'—which, in the rich quaintness of the imagery, as well as in the rythm, strongly reminds us of Shakespere's 'Venus and Adonis;' together with those poems which had originally appeared in the 'London Magazine.' From the first poem we will give a short specimen,—the picture of a Deserted Infant:—

- “ His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
 Lay half-way open like a rose-lipped shell;
 And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
 Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
 But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and fell,
 Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
 Or haply wandered to the dimpled well,
 Which love beside his mouth had sweetly planned,
 Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.
- “ Pity it was to see those frequent tears
 Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
 There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
 As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
 Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
 Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
 Just touched with thought, and yet not over wise,
 They showed the gentle spirit of a child,
 Not yet by care or any craft defiled.
- “ Pity it was to see the ardent sun
 Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
 For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
 Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
 Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform

Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,
 All round the infant noisily we swarm,
 Happily some passing rustic to advise—
 Whilst providential Heaven our care espies.'—ib. pp. 89, 90.

Unfortunately, for the young poet, while his comic productions met with a favourable reception, and a rapid sale, his little volume of choice poetry was scarcely noticed, and disappointed and vexed, he turned from those higher walks, in which he so delighted, to become the humorous poet of his age.

Thomas Hood possessed great variety of talent. He drew well, and the poetry which overflowed his mind, often directed his pencil. When he commenced his series of comic works, his quick sense of the ludicrous, and bizarre, found a singular scope in his illustrative drawings, which, as some of our readers may doubtless remember, contributed full as much to the humorous interest, as his veritable 'pen and ink sketches.' This union of talent, while it increased to an incredible extent the popularity of his comic writings, was nevertheless unfortunate, inasmuch as the clever caricaturist became an object of hostility to a certain party, who never forgave the introduction of Irving into one of these pictures, just after that ludicrous presentation of the gold watch on the platform. It was certainly irritating to the admirers of that deluded man, to see the Geneva cloak in juxta-position with the ragged jackets of the placard-bearer of 'try Morrison's pills,' but the full cry of abuse and anathema, which from henceforth opened upon the caricaturist, was most unjustifiable. Unfortunately, too, these loud boasters arrogated to themselves the title of 'the religious world;' leading many, besides Mr. Hood, to take *them* as its *bona fide* representatives. Foremost among these, was Mr. Rae Wilson, to whom the caustic ode, which we regret to see here, was addressed. Such conduct produced its natural effect. Irritated beyond endurance, by abuse and insult, both in print and in anonymous letters, the satirist too indiscriminately attacked a class, although the noisy, overbearing Pharisee was the object in view; and thus gave countenance to the idea that he was hostile to Christianity itself.

We willingly pass from this subject, to trace the farther development of his singularly varied genius. Hitherto, although scorning imitation, Hood had evidently formed his style on the model of the poets of the Elizabethan age. In 1829, however, he startled the world when in the height of his fame as a comic writer, with his 'Dream of Eugene Aram.' The marvellous powers of this poem, revealed to Mr. Hood's friends the true bent of his genius, and earnestly did they wish he would again resume his serious style. The extraordinary success

of his humourous writings, especially of his 'Comic Annual,' precluded this, and with the exception of a few exquisite sonnets, and short pieces, he continued to be recognized almost only as a comic writer, until his return to England, after several years absence in 1840. The stir, the restless strivings, the eager competition, which he witnessed around him, on his return, and which contrasted so powerfully with the dull monotony of German life, seem to have deeply impressed him. Although always earnest, in whatever he undertook, he now became more solemnly earnest. Even his lightest productions took a graver tone, and in many, was concealed a severe moral. 'The Schoolmistress Abroad,' and some other prose tales, which during his editorship he wrote for the 'New Monthly Magazine,' illustrate this. But unfortunately, those who avowedly read for mere amusement, care very little for profit, and the whimsical incident which was intended by the writer to awaken attention to some important point, was dismissed with an unthinking laugh. 'Ah!' said Mr. Hood, bitterly, 'they laugh at my fun, but turn aside from my moral.' One of the most striking of his compositions, about this time was, 'that wondrous piece of accumulated sarcasm and pathos,' as a contemporary has well characterised it—the story of Miss Kilmanseg's leg, with its solemn *refrain* of 'gold, gold, nothing but gold;' and its powerful painting of utter selfishness, pampered by wealthy extravagance from the cradle to the grave.

But still, utterance yet more direct, was sought for those deep thoughts, and intense feelings, that were burning stronger and stronger in his breast. At length the narrative of a poor sempstress, who appeared before the Lord Mayor, and stated that she made shirts at three half-pence a piece, appeared in the public papers. The story was read with deep commiseration, it was referred to again, and again; and after a sleepless night, Mr. Hood threw off, almost without a blot, 'The Song of the Shirt.' It is scarcely necessary to do more than refer to a poem so well known, but we think sufficient notice has scarcely been taken of its extreme simplicity. Not a word, but what a child can read; not a phrase but what the most ignorant are familiar with;—every figure, every illustration, taken from the very commonest every day life; and yet what marvellous intensity of effect! How important do even 'seam, and gusset and band,' become, when pored over until 'the brain begins to swim;' how desolate is the room, when even 'her shadow' is thanked 'for sometimes falling there;' and how desperate the misery when even of death, 'that phantom of grisly bone,' it is said—

‘ I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep,
 Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood, so cheap !’

The fame of ‘The Song of the Shirt,’ which originally appeared in ‘Punch,’ soon spread more rapidly over the land, than perhaps any other poem of modern times. But in the midst of the burst of admiration that hailed the writer, Thomas Hood, exhibited no exultation, and to the gratulations of his friends he only replied, ‘I hope it will do good.’

Mr. Hood was now earnestly solicited by some of the leaders of ‘the Anti-Corn Law League,’ to aid that cause. As the friend of every institution devoted to the interests of humanity, or freedom, he was most willing to accede to their proposal of devoting his genius exclusively to it. But he had just commenced a magazine bearing his own name; and he thought that the advocacy of not only ‘cheap bread,’ but that of the various classes of sufferers through the unequal distribution of wealth, could be more efficiently, inasmuch as more indirectly, conducted there. But to the end of his life, he was an earnest advocate of that cause; and the progress, and success of the League, was always to him a subject of exceeding interest. Much about this time, his beautiful poem of ‘the Elm Tree,’ was written, and we regret our space will not allow us room for extracts.

Closely following on ‘the Song of the Shirt,’ his less known ‘Lady’s Dream,’ appeared in the second number of his magazine, with a most forcible illustration from his pencil, entitled, ‘the Modern Belinda,’ in which he depicted a lady in full dress, attired by *skeleton* sylphs. As the miseries of the starved sempstress were painted in ‘the Song of the Shirt,’ so in this, the cause of the poor overworked young milliners was advocated. The lady starts up from a fearful dream of—

“Death, death, nothing but death,
 In every sight and sound.”

And then she relates it—

“And oh ! those maidens young,
 Who wrought in that dreary room,
 With figures drooping and spectres thin,
 And cheeks without a bloom ;—
 And the Voice that cried, ‘For the pomp of pride,
 We haste to an early tomb !’

- " For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
 We toil like Afric slaves,
 And only to earn a home at last,
 Where yonder cypress waves ;'—
 And then they pointed—I never saw
 A ground so full of graves !
- " And still the coffins came,
 With their sorrowful trains and slow ;
 Coffin after coffin still,
 A sad and sickening show ;
 From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
 Of such a World of Woe !
- " Of the hearts that daily break,
 Of the tears that hourly fall,
 Of the many, many troubles of life,
 That grieve this earthly ball—
 Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
 But now I dreamt of them all !
- " For the blind and the cripple were there,
 And the babe that pined for bread,
 And the houseless man, and the widow poor
 Who begged—to bury the dead ;
 The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
 The famished I might have fed !
- " Each pleading look, that long ago
 I scanned with a heedless eye,
 Each face was gazing as plainly there,
 As when I passed it by ;
 Woe, woe for me if the past should be
 Thus present when I die !
- " No need of sulphureous lake,
 No need of fiery coal,
 But only that crowd of human kind
 Who wanted pity and dole—
 In everlasting retrospect—
 Will wring my sinful soul !
- " Alas ! I have walked through life
 Too heedless where I trod ;
 Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
 And fill the burial sod—
 Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
 Not unmarked of God !
- " I drank the richest draughts ;
 And ate whatever is good—

Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
 Supplied my hungry mood ;
 But I never remembered the wretched ones
 That starve for want of food !'—vol. i. pp. 76—79.

Still intent on the object which he had now marked out for himself, Thomas Hood's next poem was a wild but forcible allegory, entitled 'the Workhouse Clock.' The conclusion is powerful—

' Oh ! that the Parish Powers
 Who regulate Labour's hours,
 The daily amount of human trial,
 Weariness, pain, and self-denial
 Would turn from the artificial dial
 That striketh ten or eleven,
 And go, for once, by that older one
 That stands in the light of Nature's sun
 And takes its time from Heaven !'—ib. p. 85.

'The Bridge of Sighs,' one of the most pathetic of his poems, followed ; giving the picture of an unfortunate young woman—

" Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled."

and plunging—

' No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it—think of it,
 Dissolute Man !
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can !

' Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !

' Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently,—kindly,—
 Smoothe, and compose them ;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly !

' Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

' Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.—
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !

' Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour.'—pp. 68, 69.

During the whole of the time these forcible poems were being written, Mr. Hood's health was fast failing. Indeed, it was evident to his friends, that his intense feelings during their composition, had seriously injured a constitution, never robust, but which ever since an attack of ague in Flanders, had been gradually undermined. A dangerous illness followed, and during the greater part of the summer of 1844, he was wholly incapacitated for writing. This he lamented greatly, for he seemed to view himself as having a work—a great work to do, and earnestly did he desire to accomplish it. This was to have made a complete series of poems, illustrating every form of social misery, and earnestly advocating its removal. Towards the autumn, a short period of comparative convalescence, afforded him an opportunity of pointing attention to the condition of the agricultural population, and he wrote the well known 'Lay of the Labourer'—

' A spade, a rake, a hoe !
 A pick axe, or a bill !
 A hook to reap or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will—
 And here's the ready hand
 To ply the needful toil,
 And skilled enough, by lessons rough,
 In labour's rugged school.'

This poem, is the only one of his serious compositions which has no place in these volumes, for it originally appeared in a prose sketch, picturing a meeting of starving labourers, and concluding with the powerful appeal to Sir James Graham, on behalf of that poor young man, Gifford White, who was sentenced to transportation for life, for a threatening letter addressed to the farmers of Bluntisham. 'For months past,' says he, 'amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pain, per-

chance, even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests, and affairs, that sorrowful vision has recurred to me, more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering cruelty and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation, which originated with its birth. It is in your power Sir James Graham, to lay the ghost that is haunting me. By due intercession with the earthly fountain of mercy, you may convert that melancholy shadow into a happier reality—a righted man.' And this apparently exaggerated picture of his feelings regarding a man whom he had never seen, was true to the letter. The description of 'the Melancholy Shadow,' was given to his friends, just as he described it to the Home Secretary, for the thought of a lad of nineteen, being driven for life from his native land—Thomas Hood was proud of his country, with all its faults—had actually severely injured his failing health.

This was his last appeal on the behalf of 'those who have no helper;' and with the exception of a few short pieces in his magazine, his career as a writer was closed. After severe and complicated sufferings endured for many months, with much patience, Thomas Hood with a humble but trustful expression of Christian hope, died on the third of May, 1845, having almost completed his 46th year. Exceedingly reserved in character, detesting not only all pretension, but even those expressions of personal feeling, which the many expect, and approve, it is scarcely surprising that he should have been greatly misunderstood. Few of these believed that there was such an abundant wellspring of feeling for the sufferings of others in his heart, until the 'Song of the Shirt' revealed it, and few, still fewer, knew the deep and solemn thoughts that passed, during his long illness, through his mind. In the midst of his family, and among his intimate friends, Thomas Hood was a delightful companion, nor can we better conclude this short sketch than by inserting the exquisite lines, now published for the first time, addressed to his daughter on her birthday.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

'Dear Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow
The landscape smiled,
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
'Thou hast a child!'

' Along with that uprising dew
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time :

' It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

' So may'st thou live, dear ! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept :
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.'—vol. ii. pp. 5, 6.

Art. IV.—*The Church of St. Patrick ; an Historical Inquiry into the Independence of the ancient Church of Ireland.* By the Rev. William G Todd, A B , of Trin Coll. Dublin ; Curate of Kilkeedy, London : John W. Parker, West Strand.

A great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written of late on the subject of 'races.' What race is there that has not, in its turn, been elevated by Christianity, and degraded by religious despotism and political oppression ? Who does not know that the most humanizing influences that can be brought to bear on society may be fatally counteracted by political bondage ? The Negro, the Esquimaux, even the Hottentot have been raised by the gospel to the dignity of manhood, and to the sanctity of Christian fellowship. We cannot doubt that the effect of a sound education and of free institutions, with a favourable soil and climate, would be, in the course of a few generations, to obliterate every trace of their aboriginal inferiority. Physiology teaches us that proper regimen and exercise, combined with a right moral education, tend to enlarge the volume of the brain, to give power to the intellectual faculties, health and purity to the moral feelings, and so to develop a noble character, which, being influenced by hereditary causes, goes on improving from

age to age. Of course, semi-starvation, ignorance and slavery will have an effect quite opposite.

Some Irish repealers, through ignorance, bigotry or policy, revile the Saxon, as if his blood generated tyranny. But if Celtic-France ruled the destinies of Ireland instead of Saxon-England, would the lot of that afflicted land have been better? The worst evils perpetrated by its conquerors amidst the barbarism of a dark age have been surpassed in infamy by the French in Tahiti and in Africa. Will the loyal South-Sea Islanders, who nobly struggle for independence in their mountain fastnesses, or the devoted Africans who moisten their burning desert with the blood of the *soi-disant* 'civilizers,' receive a better character from the invaders than the wild Irish did from theirs?

The boast of superior blood is one of the silliest forms of pride, and betrays no great consciousness of moral worth. Those who are prone to generalise rashly in favour of their prejudices, readily ascribe every virtue under heaven to their own happy temperament, to the credit of which they place the fruits of all other advantages. Surely the English people, to whom Providence has given, for its own gracious purposes, a predominant power in the earth, arising chiefly from their free institutions and scriptural religion, with their concomitants,—industrial habits and commercial prosperity—may well despise such childish vaunting. They are now a great and glorious people; but what were they once? It is wise for us occasionally to look back. Sir James Macintosh thus describes our ancestors in the eleventh century:—

“ We gather a few particulars of the sufferings and degradation of the Saxons from a sermon by Lupus, a Saxon bishop. Such is their (the Danes) valour, that one of them will put ten of us to flight; two or three will drive a troop of captive Christians from sea to sea. They seize the wives and daughters of our thanes, and violate them before the chieftain's face. The slave of yesterday becomes the master of his lord to-day. Soldiers, famine, flames, and blood surround us. The poor are sold far out of their land for foreign slavery. * Children in their cradle are sold for slaves by an atrocious violation of the law.’—We should more pity these miseries, if we did not bear in mind the previous massacre of the Scandinavians. . . . But in contests between beasts of prey, it is hard to select an object of compassion. Let those who consider *any tribes of men as irreclaimable barbarians*, call to mind that the Danes and Saxons, of whose cruelties a small specimen has been given, were the progenitors of those who, in Scandinavia, in Normandy, in Britain, and in America, are now among the most industrious, intelligent, orderly and humane of the dwellers upon earth.’ (History of England, vol. i. p. 60.)

Certainly the blood which, 800 years ago, tamely endured

the basest bonds and the most maddening indignities, cannot be the cause of that superiority about which '*The Times*' commissioner' has been lately venting such impertinent puerilities.

Among the circumstances which modify national character, *climate* is too much overlooked. Mountaineers have always clung heroically to liberty and independence; while in flat countries—where man's blood stagnates like their rivers—little has been done to win human rights or maintain them, except by commercial cities, where trade, flourishing only in freedom, naturally generates self-reliance. Take the most unresisting and phlegmatic Saxon population, who merely vegetate in a dull atmosphere on rich lowlands, and place them among the Alpine, Caledonian, or Cambrian mountains, and think what the temperament of their grandchildren will become! Cold, wet and hunger, may, in many cases, harden their features, and stunt their figures; plodding industry and the mechanical skill which results from always doing one thing, and thinking of nothing else, will undoubtedly give place to irregular exertions, impulsive movements, impetuous efforts, a love of boisterous pleasure and wild excitement, and the lazy habit of living for the hour, without pondering much on the rainy day. But then there will be the bold spirit of independent individuality, a temperament, poetic, mystic, enthusiastic, courageous, combined with that strong attachment to places, and to all the names, that, in past ages, made those places holy and renowned, which characterise the *highlander* of every country, and of every race.

'All the northern French,' says Michelet, 'are the offspring of the Germans, although the language contains so little German, and Gaul has perished utterly, like the Atlantides. All the Celts are gone; and if any remain, they will not escape the arrows of modern criticism. Pinkerton does not suffer them to rest in the tomb, but fastens furiously upon them like a true Saxon, as England does on Ireland. He contends that they had nothing of their own, not a particle of original genius; that all the *gentlemen* are descended from the Goths, (or Saxons, or Scythians, it is all the same to him;) and in his whimsical furor desires the establishment of professors of Celtic, to teach us to laugh at the Celts.'

Yet, the French historian remarks—

'The old Celtic races, seated on their native rocks, and in the solitude of their isles, will remain faithful to the poetic independence of barbarous life, until surprised in their fastnesses by the tyranny of the stranger. Centuries have elapsed since England surprised and struck them down; and her blows incessantly rain upon them, as the wave dashes on the promontory of Brittany, or of Cornwall. The sad and patient Judea, who counted her years by her *captivities*, was

not more rudely stricken by Asia. But there is such a virtue in the Celtic genius, such a tenacity of life in this people, that they subsist under outrage, and preserve their manners and their language.

‘Whatever has been the result (of the law of gavel-kind) it is honourable to our Celts to have established in the west the law of equality. The feeling of personal right, the vigorous assumption of the I, which we have already remarked in Pelagius and in religious philosophy, is still more apparent here; and, in great part, lets us into the secret of the destiny of the Celtic races. While the German families converted moveable into immoveable property, handed it down in perpetuity, and successively added to it by inheritance, the Celtic families went on dividing and subdividing, and weakening themselves,—a weakness chiefly owing to the law of equality and equitable division. As this law of precocious equality has been the ruin of these races, let it be their glory also, and secure to them at least the pity and respect of the nations to whom they so early showed so fine an ideal.’—(*Hist. France*. b. i. c. 4.)

How much the fortunes of a people depend on institutions! The same system of dividing and subdividing would have equally impoverished and ruined any other people, no matter what their blood. However, this characteristic of the Helleno-Celtic genius was not confined to civil society ‘The independent I, the free personality,’ passed into religion also, as well as the Celtic tenacity of the past. So unresisting, we are told, is the German nature, that Franks, established in Gaul, were subdued and thoroughly changed in the second generation, by the ecclesiastical influence. It is indeed a remarkable fact, that the nation which of all others is now most devoted to Rome, fought longest against her power, and stuck to its religious independence with most desperate fidelity. How this fidelity of the church of St. Patrick came ultimately to be transferred to the great usurper of Christendom,—how that deadly foe of nationality planted her foot on the free sanctuaries of Ireland, is a question of deep interest to the protestant people of Great Britain.

We are glad that the ‘furor’ of contempt for Irish Antiquities is fast departing from among us. The most enthusiastic Irishman can desire nothing better than the spirit of the eloquent and generous article on ‘*Petrie’s Round Towers*,’ in a recent Number of the ‘*Quarterly Review*.’ Indeed, ‘the Ancient church of Ireland’ seems to have become quite a favourite of late. As it is acknowledged on all hands that ‘St. Patrick was a gentleman,’ various bodies are anxious to claim kindred with so respectable a personage. Irish episcopalians are anxious to derive through him their apostolical succession. The General Assembly has no doubt that the patron saint of the Green Isle was a staunch presbyterian; and the independents maintain

that the churches he planted were clearly of the 'congregational order;' and that his three hundred bishops were nothing but pastors of particular churches, like their own:—while the Roman catholics can no more believe that their old Celtic church, which said its prayers in Irish, was a *protestant* institution, contending against the pope with even bigotted pertinacity for seven centuries, than they can believe that the said Irish-speaking church still exists by a mysterious transmigration in the present establishment.

Yet these two propositions are firmly maintained by the Rev. Mr. Todd, whose work is now before us.—The first, namely, that the Celtic church of Ireland was, from its foundation, by Patrick, to its fall in the twelfth century, strictly independent of Rome, and decidedly opposed to the claims of the pope, he has established in the most satisfactory manner. Seldom has historical argument been conducted with more fairness, so far as Rome is concerned, or brought to a more triumphant conclusion. It is creditable to the author's candour, learning, and talent. We cannot but wonder that so clear a mind should be to any extent mystified by the absurdities and inconsistencies of Puseyism.—As, however, this is a vital point with the Irish priests, one on which they are ready to stake the whole authority of their church, we consider it a matter of no small importance that protestants in general should be familiar with the main facts of the case. The question at issue is this:—Did the early Irish churches regard the bishop of Rome as supreme head of the universal church of Christ on earth, not merely paying respect to him as patriarch of the west, and bishop of the imperial city, but acknowledging his *jurisdiction* over themselves, so that their own bishops were only his delegates, or vicars, exercising their functions by his commission, and subject at any time to his absolute interdict, just as the Roman catholic prelates are now? To answer this, we must appeal to facts:—

Previous to the year 430, we read of Christian churches in Ireland, and bishops labouring among them. When the Gospel was first introduced into that country, or how far it had extended before the arrival of Patrick, we are not satisfactorily informed. But of the fact that Christianity had made considerable progress there before him, there can be no doubt; for in the year 431, Palladius, once a deacon in the church of Rome, was sent 'to the Scots believing in Christ.' (Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinatur a papa Celestino, Palladius, et primus episcopus mittitur. Prosper Chron. ad Ann. 431.) Palladius was not sent to the heathens, but to the *Christians* in Ireland, with a view, probably, to bring them under the Roman jurisdiction. Whatever was his object, his mission was an utter failure; and

in less than a year he was obliged to fly from the country, and he died soon after in Scotland. Some ascribe his want of success to the hostility of an Irish chief; some to the opposition of the Christian pastors, and some to his ignorance of the Irish language, supposing that he attempted something among the heathen.

By the way, it is a curious fact, that the gift of tongues—the necessity of which, to missionaries, is alleged by Romanists and Puseyites, as the most conclusive reason why miraculous powers were designed to remain for ever in the church—has never been available to any since the days of the apostles. Even the jesuit Francis Xavier, whose other alleged miracles were as plenty as blackberries, and equally useless, complains strongly of his want of success in India, owing to his ignorance of the languages of the tribes whom he sought to convert. If a Roman deacon could not bring this gift with him to Ireland, or was not content to sit down and learn the language, it is evident he had no business there. Patrick owed this indispensable qualification to his former residence in it as a shepherd on the plains of Antrim. As, then, the precise miracle which was most wanted, and most easily tested, and the alleged necessity for which is supposed to furnish a *prima facie* reason for the perpetuity of apostolic power, is just the one that has *never* been forthcoming, however urgent the demand for it, the conclusion is inevitable, that all *post-apostolic* ‘miracles’ have been impostures and delusions.

It is doubtful whether Patrick was ever at Rome. But Drs. Lanigan and Colgan both admit that he was *not* ordained by the Pope. In the ancient life, preserved in a MS. called Leabhar Breac, the following account is given of his ordination and subsequent reception at Rome:—‘Afterwards he went to a certain noble personage, who conferred upon him the order of Bishop. After this he went to Rome, and found honour and respect from the Romans, and from their *Abbot*, whose name was Celestinus.’ This is not the style in which an Irish Catholic would now speak of the ‘vicar of Christ.’ It is only in the modern, interpolated and legendary lives of Patrick,—rejected by the eminent catholic historian, Dr. Lanigan,—that we hear of his being ordained by the Bishop of Rome; but ‘the more *ancient* as well as the more *Irish* the authority, the more distinct is its testimony that Patrick did *not* receive his orders from Rome.’ All that is certainly known about his ordination is, that ‘he appears to have been consecrated by *some Gallican prelate*.’ (Todd, p. 24.)

Now did it not occur to Mr. Todd, that had Patrick laid as much stress on ‘the succession’ as the Anglo-Catholics, he

would have said something of his mission in the *Confession*, or in some authentic document? This party in Ireland is anxious to rest its authority on this saint, and to come at the apostles without going to Rome. But how far, on their own showing, can they trace the chain, even if it be admitted that the Protestant Episcopal church really succeeds to that of Patrick? Just to 'some Gallican prelate' in the fifth century, who 'appears' to have consecrated the Irish missionary! Is this an authority on which any honest Christian should stake the credit of his religion?

Patrick founded churches and ordained bishops in Ireland, without seeking the sanction of the Pope for any of his acts, No report of his labours was ever sent by him to Rome; no rescript from 'the successor of Peter' ever reached him. About a century and a half later, Austen of Canterbury maintained a constant correspondence with his master, Gregory; and some centuries later still, when the Pope really *had* jurisdiction in Ireland, there are ample documentary proofs of the fact. But though the history of the early Irish churches is much fuller and more satisfactory, it does not contain the least trace of Roman power in the government of the church.

According to the papal theory, Patrick's successor, Benignus or Binen, being regarded as 'primate,' must have received the Pope's confirmation of his appointment. But it was neither sought nor given. Nor is there an instance of an Archbishop of Armagh, invested with office by the court of Rome, till the twelfth century.* From that time, till the sixteenth century, the interference of that court at the consecration of bishops is manifest enough, but never before. Indeed this fact is admitted by a learned Roman catholic antiquarian, who expressly says:— 'Our episcopal clergy *never* applied to that see for bulls of ratification, provisions or exemption,' (O'Connor's Diss. on the Hist. of Ireland, p. 205.) One David, Archbishop of Armagh, between 548—551, is said to have exercised the office of legate-apostolic in Ireland. 'But,' writes Dr. Lanigan, 'this opinion is founded on a mistake, whereas there did not appear any person invested with that title in Ireland, until the end of the eleventh century.' (Todd, p. 35.)

For several generations the see of Armagh was the hereditary possession of one powerful family; and this usurpation lasted, without any interference of the Pope, or appeal to him, till the appointment of Mallachi, about the year 1134, whom Archbishop Celsus, on his deathbed, nominated to the see, enjoining the

* Moore admits that the title 'archbishop' was not known in Ireland till the eighth century.

Kings of Munster, 'by the authority of St. Patrick,' to see Mallachi seated on the desecrated throne, never hinting that the Roman bishop had anything to do with the matter. And do we not well know that the good father would not be slow to exercise his right, if he had any? We shall see, soon, that this is the very thing he was longing for.

The Danish pirates, sailing up the Liffey, the Suir and the Shannon, eventually settled in Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, whence they could maintain a communication with their friends by sea, and escape from their enemies when necessary. Between such invaders and the natives there could be no friendly feelings for a long time. Accordingly, when the Danes were converted to Christianity, they chose in these three cities bishops of their own, who were sent to Canterbury for consecration, and declined the jurisdiction of Armagh. In 1073, Gotheric, the Danish king, with the consent of the clergy and *people* of Dublin, chose one Patrick for their bishop, and sent him for consecration to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1122, Gregory was sent in like manner, with a letter from the burgesses and clergy of Dublin, 'To the most reverend and most religious Lord Raph, Archbishop of Canterbury,' in which they say—'Know you truly that the *bishops of Ireland* have great indignation against us, and that bishop especially who dwells at Armagh, because we are unwilling to obey their ordination, but always wish to be under your dominion.'

It is plain from this, that even at this late period, the papal supremacy was not acknowledged, *directly*, even by these three Danish cities; and that the rest of the Irish bishops—*all* the Celtic bishops,—had no fellowship with the see of Canterbury, which was closely connected with Rome. Besides, if the Irish primate were then subject to the Pope, the Danish bishops could not have declined the legitimate jurisdiction of their own primate, whose just 'indignation' would have found a voice at Rome; nor could the Archbishop of Canterbury have presumed to consecrate the suffragans of Armagh, without the grossest breach of order: what would be thought of a vicar apostolic, in England, thus interfering with the rights of primate Croll? Would not the intruding prelate be at once summoned to Rome and punished? There is but one fact that can account for these anomalies—the Pope's supremacy did not extend to Ireland.

'But again,' says Mr. Todd, 'let us observe the mode in which the bishops of those three cities were elected. They were chosen by the clergy, people, and provincial chieftains of their respective towns, and then sent to Canterbury to be ordained. Undoubtedly this was the ancient and catholic mode of electing bishops; but, let

me ask, was it the mode approved of in the eleventh century, when the power of Rome was at its highest, and when Gregory VII. sat upon the chair of St. Peter? Was the interference of the laity in episcopal appointments a practice of which that pontiff would have approved?—p. 47.

Certainly not; and this is another decisive proof against the papal supremacy. But we respectfully ask Mr. Todd, is it not a proof equally strong against the Anglican hierarchy? Are the English Bishops chosen by the *clergy* and *people*? And if this was undoubtedly 'the ancient and catholic mode of electing bishops,' (and which continued universally in Ireland, till the twelfth century) does it not follow irresistibly that the Anglican system is neither ancient nor catholic? So far as ecclesiastical organization is concerned, it differs *essentially* from the ancient Irish church, and from every other church in Christendom, during the Nicene period to which its advocates are so fond of appealing. Why not go back to the primitive practice? Because you are bound by the State, which mocks you with a *congé d'elire*.

It may be as well to add a few sentences here on the *constitution** of the early churches of Ireland. In an ancient MS. quoted by Ussher, (Primord. Eccles. Brit. Cap. 17,) and accepted as authentic by Roman Catholic writers, the Irish clergy, during the two centuries after Patrick, are divided into three classes. The first, amounting to 350, who were all founders of churches, and acknowledged Patrick as their head, after Christ. Whatever was excommunicated in one church was excommunicated in all. They did not shun the society of women. The second class acknowledged *but one head*, namely JESUS CHRIST. They had *different liturgies* and different masses. The third class were anchorites, or hermits. They too had different rules and different liturgies. These diversities in the forms of worship continued till the end of the eleventh century, when Gilbert, bishop of Limerick, the Pope's legate, was appointed to draw up one, in order, as he says, 'that the different and *schismatical communities*, with whom almost the *whole of Ireland abounds*, may submit to the Roman Catholic discipline.'

There was no act of uniformity in force in Ireland—they had not bowed to the yoke; but, may we ask, which of these 'schismatical communities,' will our Anglican friends select as the only true church in that realm, to which they are pleased to be the successors, and out of whose orthodox pale, there is no ordinary means of salvation?

* For an account of their substantially Protestant *doctrines*, see the admirable strictures on Moore's History, by Dr. H. Monk Mason.

'The men of Erin,' says Thierry, 'like the Britons of Cambria and Gaul, having organized Christianity in their country spontaneously, without conforming in any way to the official organization decreed by the emperors, had among them no fixed episcopal sees; their bishops were simply priests (presbyters, or bishops,) to whom had been confided by election, the office, purely honorary, of visitors or supervisors of the several churches. They did not constitute a body superior to the rest of the clergy, nor were there among them different degrees of hierarchy. The church of Ireland, in short, had not a single archbishop; none of its members had occasion to go to Rome to solicit or buy the pontifical pallium. So that this church, enjoying full independence with regard to all foreign churches, and its administration, like that of every free society, being in the hands of dignitaries elected and recalled by itself alone, was at an early period regarded as schismatic by the conclave of St. John's of Lateran; and a long system of attacks was made against it, with the perseverance innate in the successors of the old senate, who, by dint of willing one and the same thing, had subjugated the universe. It sedulously watched the first ambitious thoughts of *invading Kings*, to enter into co-partnership with them, and in default of foreign conquests, it, with crafty policy, ever admired and fostered the principle of despotism.' (Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, p. 193 of Whittaker's edition.)

Another eminent French historian speaks to the same effect:—

'The *Culdees* of Ireland and Scotland were independent, even while living under the rule of their order, which associated them in small ecclesiastical clans of twelve members each. The Cymry of Britain and Wales—Rationalists, and the Gaël of Ireland—Poets and Mystics, nevertheless exhibit throughout their entire ecclesiastical history one common character—the *spirit of independence and opposition to Rome*. They enjoyed a better understanding with the Greeks; and notwithstanding distance, revolutions, and manifold misfortunes, they long preserved relations with the churches of Constantinople and Alexandria Their monks, called *Culdees*, recognized hardly more of the ecclesiastical state than the modern Scottish Presbyterians. They lived in societies of twelve, under an abbot of their own election. Their bishop, according to the strict etymological sense of the word, was only their overseer.' (Michelet, *Hist. France*, b. ii c. 1.)

We have adduced these authorities from learned writers, who know and care nothing about our ecclesiastical controversies, in order to let our episcopalian readers see how the case stands as to the apostolical succession through the Irish channel; and we

ask them to say, candidly, can they discover their own system of diocesan episcopacy in the Celtic church? Mr. Todd, indeed, admits the glaring contrariety between the two institutions. He grants, for it cannot be denied, that there were in Ireland as many bishops as *congregations*—but will the reader guess how he gets over this difficulty? With the greatest ease, he escapes from it by modestly affirming that Patrick and his saintly followers ‘fell into error!’

‘The very errors,’ says he, into ‘which St. Patrick fell, in his organization of the Irish church, are an additional and to my mind a very striking proof that he maintained no official connexion with Rome. The chief defect in the discipline of the ancient church in Ireland was this, that the *dioceses* were not marked out with any care or precision. Bishops were allowed to *wander about* from one place of residence to another, and *many* bishops were consecrated to whom no episcopal duties were assigned. St. Bernard in the twelfth century, complained that the Irish bishops were changed and multiplied without order or reason, at the caprice of the metropolitan, so that *almost every church was provided with a separate bishop.* (*Sed singulæ pene ecclesiæ singulos haberent episcopos,* Opp. S. Bernard. ed. Benedict. tom. i p. 667. This *mistake* (!) there is reason to apprehend, originated in some degree as early as the times of St. Patrick. It was an *error* into which a very zealous man, who thought he could not have enough of *chief* pastors (!) and shepherds of Christ’s flock was likely to fall; but it was one that could not for a moment have been tolerated by Rome. Had she known it, she would have immediately put a stop to such an irregularity.’ (p. 31.)

Is it not strange to find the very men who claim Patrick as the apostle and founder of their church, charging him with fundamental error in its very organization! Their argument is this:—You Romanists and Ultra Protsetants ought to submit to our church, because it agrees with the church of St. Patrick,—with this slight difference, that the Irish apostle ‘fell into error,’ and committed a grave ‘mistake,’ in making his bishops *congregational* instead of *diocesan*. We implore you, therefore, by *his* authority, to follow us as we do *not* follow him!

Truly, facts are stubborn things. It is quite clear, that, whether Patrick, Columba, and Columbanus, with all the Irish churches and colleges down to the twelfth century, were in error or not, they were as far removed from modern prelacy as from Romanism. And for the church that refuses to recognize the orders of Presbyterians and Independents to claim exclusive kindred with those irregular and ‘schismatic’ communities, is almost as absurd as the doctrine of consubstantiation. In stating that the Pope would not tolerate such a number of chief pastors’—(a singular title for the bishops of separate con-

gregations, or ministers with no congregations at all,)—Mr. Todd, and his brother, the Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (a learned antiquarian, and zealous Puseyite, who corrected the sheets of the present work while going to the press,) strangely forget the condition of the Roman and Italian churches in the fifth century. There was little or no difference *then* between the Irish churches and the churches of other countries, whose founders were apostles. Even the *Tracts for the Times* would have instructed our author on this point.

‘ Few persons who have not expressly examined the subject, are aware of the minuteness of the dioceses into which many parts of Christendom were divided in the first ages. Some churches in Italy were more like our rural deaneries, than what we now consider dioceses, being not above ten or twelve miles in extent, and their sees not above five or six miles from each other. Even now, (or at least in Bingham’s time,) the kingdom of Naples contains one hundred and forty-seven sees, of which twenty are archbishoprics. Asia Minor is six hundred and thirty miles long and two hundred and ten broad; yet, in this country, there were almost four hundred dioceses!’ (*Tracts for the Times*, No. 33.)

‘ When Bingham says there were four hundred bishops in Asia Minor,’ remarks Professor Killen, ‘ he refers to the condition of the church in the latter end of the fourth century. At that period, most of the village and rural bishops were extinguished, so that his statement cannot be considered as a fair exhibition of primitive arrangements How different must a bishop, even of the fourth century, have been, from a prelate of the present day, when, after the suppression of so many rural and village bishops, there were still four hundred remaining in a tract of land which is not much larger than Great Britain, and in which *only a fifth part* of the people were evangelized.’ (*Plea of Presbytery*, 2nd edit. pp. 31—33.)

Thus, as we go back to antiquity, dioceses became small by degrees and scripturally less, till at last they dwindle into mere parishes, and their bishops into mere pastors, as it was in the beginning. Unless, therefore, Mr. Todd can bring forward some proofs that Patrick fell into error, and made a mistake in his church polity, which will not implicate the twelve Apostles in the same irregularity, we respectfully submit that he should be bound over to keep the peace towards the memory of that venerable personage. Such is the influence of this author’s church theory, that, rather than admit its errors and evils, and its corrupt departure from the primitive model, he presumes to charge the whole galaxy of Irish saints with having, as regards church order, wandered universally into fundamental error, for the space of seven hundred years! Surely this is not the

way in which a good Catholic should treat antiquity, nor is it the way in which a good logician, like our author, should treat facts.

As the Pope has been completely non-suited on the questions of organization and jurisdiction, let us see whether he had any thing to do with Irish missions to Britain and the Continent.

Columba, or Columb-Kille, was born in the county of Donegall, about the year 521. When he was only twenty-five years of age, he had founded a monastery in Derry. He then proceeded to Iona, where he established an Irish monastery, or college, which became afterwards so famous as a nursery of missionaries, who went forth to educate, evangelize, and civilize the barbarous nations of Europe. But when the Venerable Bede records the achievements of this 'college of monks,' he does not give us the slightest intimation that they sought, or obtained, the Pope's sanction for any of their acts, though these acts included the founding of monasteries, the appointment of abbots, and other things which could not be done without the concurrence of Rome, by any within the pale of that church.

Virgilius, so celebrated as the first who taught the rotundity of the earth and the existence of antipodes,—a doctrine denounced by the pope of that day (Zachary) as 'corrupt and impious,' went to France as a missionary in the eighth century, and was made bishop of Saltzberg by King Pepin, without the sanction of the pontiff. In fact, not one of the Irish missionaries was ever known to seek the Pope's appointment to any sphere of labour. When moved by their zeal to go abroad in their Master's service, they were separated to the work whereunto He had called them by their own ministers at home precisely as missionaries are sent out now by the Dissenters.

And yet Dr. Rock, an English priest, in a letter to Lord John Manners, ventures to assert that 'the early missionaries from Ireland used to go to Rome to do homage to the pope, and crave the apostolic leave and blessing *before* they went and preached to pagan nations.' But he has been able to produce but three instances, none of which is to the point. The first is the case of Dichuill, who went not forth as a missionary at all, but to enjoy the perfection of an ascetic life in solitude; and having founded a monastery at Lure, he is said to have laid all right over it at the feet of the 'chief bishop.' The argument is well put by Mr. Todd thus:—

'Dichuill founded a monastery, and obtained for it a rich endowment; and *after* having done so, he went and laid it at the pope's feet: therefore Irish missionaries used to do homage to the pope *before* they went and preached to Pagan nations.'—p. 69.

But the learned Catholic historian, Dr. Lanigan, rejects this as a 'foolish story.' 'Such deeds of vassalage, for monastic privileges, &c., were not known in the days of Deicolus (Dichuill). The author imagined that because they existed in the tenth century, in which he appears to have lived, that the same practices prevailed at all times.'—*Eccl. Hist. Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 441.

Willibrord is another of Dr. Rock's best instances; but he was a Saxon monk, though he had lived twelve years in Ireland with the Saxon saints, Egbert and Wigbert, where he is said by Alcuin to have gone in search of *scholastic*, not ecclesiastical learning. He was not a missionary from the Irish churches at all. Kilian's is the only other case which the records of centuries could afford to sustain the assertion of Dr. Rock as to the *usage* of Irish missionaries. He was one of those who, interpreting literally our Lord's words, believed that, whosoever followed him, must forsake father and mother, houses and lands, and country. Therefore, he went to the continent, not as a missionary, but as a hermit. Having afterwards resolved to preach the gospel to the heathen in Franconia, he naturally sought the pope's sanction in this work, as he was far away from the church of his fathers; and as the Church of Rome was acknowledged as true, and had not then to any great extent betrayed the corrupt and ambitious spirit which afterwards prompted its encroachments on the liberties of other bodies. This occurred in the seventh century, when all churches still revered the bishop of Rome as one of the four patriarchs. But respect is not obedience; and if an Irishman on the Continent happened to place himself under papal jurisdiction, that is not any proof that the churches of his native land did so, especially when it is known that the authority of the Roman see was always strenuously resisted whenever a point of difference arose, as in the question regarding the time of observing Easter.

It would appear—though this is by no means certain—that sometime between the fifth and the eighth century, certain canons were enacted by a synod in Ireland, to the effect, that when a doubtful question should arise, which could not be decided at home, reference should be had to 'the chair of St. Peter;' but no instance occurred in which they were acted upon, till the fourteenth century. They were, therefore, if genuine, a dead letter, quite at variance with the spirit of the church. (Ussher's *Religion of the Ancient Irish*, chap. viii.) Something like an *appeal* to the pope occurred once, and it arose in this way:—The Irish computation, as to the time of holding Easter, differed from that of all other churches, erroneously, although Columbanus said that the Irish knew astronomy better than the

Romans. But while other nations corrected their calendars, the Irish were so firmly attached to their own national customs, that they would not yield, even when some of their learned men had proved them in the wrong. The attention of the Irish church was first called to this subject by Laurence, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter addressed to the bishops and abbots of that country, about the year 609, urging upon them concurrence with the rest of the Catholic church. A few years later, a similar letter was addressed to them by Pope Honorius I., exhorting them, a small body living at the ends of the earth (*in extremis terræ finibus*), not to set themselves against the decrees of all the bishops of Christendom. (*totius orbis pontificum.*)

Soon after the receipt of this letter, which was not an authoritative decision, but an argument *ad verecundiam*, precisely such as Laurence had addressed to them, and implying supremacy in the one case no more than in the other, a synod was held near Old Leighlin, to consider the matter, when plans were recommended to bring about the desirable uniformity. The result is thus related by Dr. Lanigan:—

‘This was agreed to, and the thing appeared to be quite settled, when, not long after, a troublesome person started up, and, by his intrigues, rendered abortive part of what had been decreed. To put an end to this opposition, it was resolved by the *Elders* that, where, as according to a synodical canon, every important question should be referred to the head of cities, some wise and humble persons should be sent to Rome as children to their mother. These deputies being arrived there, *saw with their own eyes* Easter celebrated at one and the same time by people from various countries; and having returned to Ireland, in the third year from their departure, solemnly declared to those that had deputed them, that the Roman method was that of the whole world.’—*Lanigan*, vol. ii, p. 389.

This is the only thing bearing the semblance of an appeal to Rome to be found in the whole history of the Celtic church in Ireland before the Conquest; yet there is nothing in it about the pope or his judgment. To the messengers he seemed to have nothing to do with the question. Those who sent them would not receive even his *testimony* as to the matter of fact, not to speak of his authority; for if so, why were the deputies sent? Must not the pope’s letter have settled the question? No,—they went to witness the fact with their own eyes; and when they arrived at the ‘head of cities,’ *i. e.* the western capital, where streams of population from all nations converged, and saw Greeks, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Romans, the representatives of all the *four patriarchates*, agreeing as to the time of Easter, they took this accordance as a plain proof of the Catho-

licity of practice, and reported accordingly. But, so strong was the Celtic feeling against foreign influence, that, after all, their report did not settle the question; for Bede states that it was only in the south of the island that the decree of the synod, to observe the Roman computation, was received and obeyed. (Lib. iii. c. 3.) Does not this appeal to *Catholicity* furnish the strongest argument against *popery*?

Such, however, was the excitement and agitation that arose on this subject, that all who sided with Rome were branded by the popular party with error and 'heresy.' O'Connor says, 'a schism ensued.' (Diss. on Irish Hist., p. 205.) The spirit of Dagan, an Irish bishop, who, in 609, refused to eat or drink with the Archbishop of Canterbury on this very account, animated the Anti-Roman party for many a year. At length a synod was convened, to consider these differences, in Whitley, Yorkshire, when Colman, Bishop of Landisfarne, argued in defence of the system prevailing in his own country; but as he was out-argued and out-voted, he resigned his bishoprick, and returned to Ireland, Wilfrid, his principal opponent, being chosen in his stead; who at first refused, lest he should be ordained by the Irish bishops, 'whose communion,' says William of Malmesbury, 'the apostolic see had rejected.' (Ussher's Religion Anc. Irish, cap. x.)

Is it not marvellous that men who felt themselves so bound by the traditions of their own elders, as to resign the most important offices in the church, and to refuse to eat even with an Archbishop of Canterbury, rather than comply with the customs of Rome, should be represented by modern writers as considering the very conduct which they themselves adopted heretical and worthy of excommunication,—as yielding to the pope, in Mr. Moore's phrase, 'profound and implicit reverence?' Whereas the whole body of the people, clergy and monks, were so passionately opposed to the pope on this question, that the few who agreed with him incurred the greatest odium; and even these, with the learned Cummian, of Durrow, differed with their brethren, not because the pope had spoken, but because they 'found it written that they were to be excommunicated and expelled the church, who contravene the canonical decrees of the FOURFOLD APOSTOLIC SEE (to wit, Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria), all agreeing in the unity of the Pasch.' (Ussher's Sylloge, Ep. xi.)

As to the force of the expression, 'Going like children to a mother,' that it implies no sovereign authority in Rome, is plain, from the following words of Cummian:—'He that curseth his father or his mother, let him die the death.' 'But what can be thought more evil of mother church, than if we say Rome errs,

Jerusalem errs, Alexandria errs, Antioch errs, the whole world errs, the Scots (Irish) and Britons alone think right.' Here we see how comprehensive are the terms 'mother church,' not restricted to one community, but embracing the whole catholic body. *This* was the mother the Irish deputies were sent to consult, though they owed no more allegiance to the 'head of cities' than the holders of scrip do to 'the railway king.'

We must now briefly notice the case of Columbanus, founder and superior of the monasteries of Luxeuil and Bobbio, in the sixth century. Catholic writers claim him as an unexceptionable witness of the prevailing faith of his country and his age, on the question of papal supremacy. Yet there are few names in ecclesiastical history more closely associated with bold and persevering dissent. 'St. Columbanus passes into Italy,' says Michelet, 'but it is to give battle to the pope! The Celtic church separates from the church universal, rejects unity and co-operation, and refuses to lose herself humbly in European catholicity.'—(Hist. France, b. i., c. 4.)

The condemnation and expulsion from France of Columbanus are thus referred to by Thierry:—

'Columbanus, unused to address potentates, or to the employment of respectful discourse, remonstrated severely with his visitor on his morals and the licentious life he led with depraved women. These reproaches were less displeasing to the king than to his grandmother, that same Brunehilde whose piety Pope Gregory had so complacently lauded, and who, to maintain her influence over her grandson, dissuaded him from marriage, and was careful to furnish him with women of pleasure and beautiful slaves. *At the instigation of this queen*, an accusation of heresy in the first degree was preferred in a council of bishops, against the man who dared to show himself more nice than the Roman church, respecting the morality of princes. He was condemned by an unanimous sentence, and banished from Gaul. . . . The same church which expelled from Gaul those who censured the vices of the Frank monarchs, gave holy crosses for standards to the Anglo-Saxon kings, when they went forth to exterminate the old Christians of Britain. The latter, in their national poems, charge a part of their disasters on a foreign conspiracy, and on monks whom they call unjust. (Horræ Britt. ii. 290.) In their conviction of this malevolence of the Roman church towards them, they became strengthened in the resolution of rejecting her tenets and her empire; they chose rather to apply, and did actually apply several times, to the church of Constantinople, for counsel in their theological difficulties. The most renowned of their ancient sages, who was both a bard and a Christian priest, cursed, by a sentence clothed in poetry, the negligent shepherd who kept not God's flock from the wolves of Rome.' (*Norman Conquest*, Whittaker's edition, p. 18.)

The superscription of the Irish letter, on which so much stress is laid, is certainly fantastical enough. In this very letter, however, the Irish monk deals with the pope very much in the style of Luther. He urges upon him the necessity of convening a council—tells him he was suspected of receiving heretics, and exhorts him in the following language:—

‘That thou mayest not lack apostolic honour, preserve the apostolic faith: confirm it by testimony, strengthen it by writing, fortify it by synod, *that none may justly resist thee.*’ ‘Lest, therefore, the old robber bind men with this very long cord of error, let the cause of the schism, I pray, be immediately cut off from thee, as with the sword of St. Peter; *that is, by a true confession of faith*, in a synod, and by an abhorrence and anathematizing of every heretic, *that thou mayest cleanse the chair of Peter from all error*, or rather horror, if any (as is reported) *have gained admission*; if not, that its purity may be known to all. For one must grieve and mourn, if, in the apostolic see, *the catholic faith be not maintained.*’

Is this the language of a Roman catholic—of one whose faith may be comprised in the single sentence, ‘the chair of Peter can never be defiled with error?’ Columbanus expounds his protestantism still farther; and when we recollect that he is writing in Italy, in the sixth century, when the mystery of iniquity had not yet fully developed itself, we must admit that his protestantism is not the weakest.

‘Now it is your fault if you have deviated from the true trust, and have made void the first faith: *deservedly your juniors withstand you*; and *deservedly they do not communicate with you*, until the memory of the wicked be taken away and delivered over to oblivion. For if these things are more sure than false, the tables being turned, your sons are changed into the head, *and you into the tail*, which is sad even to be mentioned; therefore, also, *they shall be your judges*, who have always preserved the *orthodox faith*, *whosoever they may be*, even though they appear to be your juniors. We (the Irish) are bound to the chair of St. Peter; for although Rome is great and renowned, on account of that chair only is it great and illustrious with us. Rome is the head of the churches of the world, *saving the singular prerogative of the place of our Lord’s resurrection.*’

Rome is thus spoken of ‘on account of the *two* apostles of Christ,’ and its pre-eminence as the imperial capital; but the Irish churches allowed a *greater deference* still to the real mother church at Jerusalem; which, however, never claimed or received any jurisdiction over them.

He proceeds, in a truly protestant strain:—

‘And therefore, as your honour is great in proportion to the dignity of the chair, so have you need of great care that you lose not your

dignity through any perversity. *For so long shall power remain with you, as right reason shall remain*; for he is the true porter of the kingdom of heaven, *who, through true knowledge, opens to the worthy and shuts against the unworthy*. . . . And you by this, I know not what arrogance, claim to yourselves greater authority and power in spiritual matters than the rest. You should know that your power will be less with the Lord, *if you even think this in your hearts*; because *unity of faith* has made *unity of power and prerogative in the whole world*, so that liberty is given to the truth every where, and by all, because a *right confession* gave the privilege to the holy possessor of the keys, the common Father of all, it is lawful even for your juniors to stir you up for the zeal of the faith, for the love of peace, for the unity of the church.*

These extracts show, that we should take his complimentary titles with a grain of salt, and remember that the words (if serious) come from the fervid and poetical genius of an eloquent Irishman. When Dr. Smiles's History of Ireland was published, some of the Irish priests were thrown into a panic, because he gave prominence to the fact of the independence of the ancient church of Ireland. Dr. Miley wrote two long and elaborate letters, to show that the Irish were always most submissive to the Pope, relying principally on the testimony of this same Columbanus. The awkward fact, however, that there are no records of Roman government in Ireland during all those ages, when she was the Island of Saints, troubled him a good deal. This he accounted for by saying, that in those lawless times travelling was impossible, and they had no means of communication. But he forgot the other contradictory fact, that the Irish missionaries were in the habit of travelling over Europe in such numbers, that historians compare their immigrations to 'swarms,' and 'shoals';—and another fact, equally decisive, that no such difficulties prevented the Pope's bulls from reaching Canterbury. It is interesting to think, that this great historical fiction is the chief support of papal influence in Ireland at this moment. Prove to the people of that country that Rome was the unwearied antagonist of their nationality, their religion, and their liberties, in the days of their glory, and you go far to break the foreign yoke. On this point, therefore, their clergy are extremely sensitive.

We have seen how the Danish bishops paved the way for connexion with Rome *via* Canterbury. But they could never have thus subjugated the Celtic church, if their countrymen had not,

* Epistola S. Columbani ad Bonafacium Bibliotheca Patrum, Tom. xii. p. 30. Apud Todd, chap. vi. and App. Note 6. Cardinal Barronius says, that in this controversy, 'all the bishops that were in Ireland, with most earnest study, rose up' to join Columbanus.

by their invasions, plunderings, burnings and desolations, demolished the schools and monasteries, and banished their inmates, entailing on the country anarchy, insecurity, ignorance, and degeneracy of manners. These things afforded a colourable pretext to the Royal Commission, appointed by Henry II., called the council of Cashel, who gave such a bad report of the country, that the Pope might have an excuse for selling it; and that the bishops might better their own condition. The English sovereign certainly rewarded *them* well for their services; for thenceforward, in style, title and power, they ranked before the princes and nobles of the land, and sometimes before the lord deputy.

It took four years of hard labour and intriguing from Christian, bishop of Lismore, and Paparo, the cardinal, to bring the principal Irish bishops under the Roman yoke, by erecting Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam into archbishoprics, and inducing their prelates, with the primate, to receive the palls, A. D. 1152.

‘But, notwithstanding,’ says Thierry, ‘the appearance of national consent given to these measures, the old spirit of independence yet prevailed. The clergy of Ireland showed little docility in their submission to the new hierarchical order; and the people had a repugnance for the foreign practices, and especially for the tributes in money which were attempted to be levied under various specious names for the benefit of the ultra-Montane church. The court of Rome, still dissatisfied with the Irish, in spite of their concessions, continued to give them the epithets of ‘bad Christians,’ and ‘lukewarm Christians, rebellious to the apostolic discipline;’ it watched as attentively as ever for an opportunity of obtaining a stronger hold of them, by associating its own ambition with some temporal ambition; nor was it long before such an opportunity presented itself.’—(Norman Conquest, p. 193)

Such was the state of things when Henry obtained the ‘*apostolic*’ bull and blessing for the conquest of Christian Ireland.—Thenceforth Irish Catholicity was thoroughly Romanized, so far as the English power extended. The invaders imported, not the church system against which the patriot saints of Ireland had in better times, so vigorously contended, but worse and more obnoxious still, the hierarchy of Hildebrand, with an infusion of Norman pride, and pomp, and secularity. But this new system spread very little beyond the colony. The Celts were still in spirit true to ‘the traditions of their own elders,’—which they did not love the less because the objects of Anglo-Popish persecution. They could not reverently kiss palls sprinkled with Celtic blood, and placed by the conqueror on the shoulders of enemies, or traitors, who were sworn on the host ‘to curse

the king's enemies,' i. e. the Irish, whenever he might call for their services in that line.

Thus matters remained till the Reformation. There were in fact *two* churches in Ireland, quite as alien to one another then, 'in blood, language and religion,' as when Lord Lyndhurst uttered his pregnant sentence.

The one was English, and the other Irish. The English church would not receive an Irishman into any of its offices; nor even admit a native into its monasteries or nunneries. How, then, did this intensely national and obstinately independent church (though greatly fallen from its original purity) come to be so enthusiastically attached to Rome, as it has been for the last two centuries? This is a deeply interesting question, which has never received the consideration it deserves. By one of those strange reverses in the history of nations, the relations of the Celtic church to Rome were wholly changed by the Reformation. If Henry VIII. had only thrown off his allegiance to the pope, and allowed the Irish church to enjoy independence, celebrating its rites in its own language and in connexion with its own national customs, the Reformation would have been popular and triumphant in every part of the country. But when the still-hated English power began to wage a war of extermination against everything *Irish*—when all Celtic blood was pronounced vile, all Celtic manners vulgar, all Celtic customs barbarous, the very language outlawed—when this degrading proscription was decreed in the name of the new faith, and enforced by fire and sword, popular sympathy with the English Anti-Roman movement was impossible. Hitherto the old Celtic church had been the sanctuary of nationality against the pope; henceforth popery became the bulwark of the same nationality against England. During two centuries of strife, Rome, for her own purposes, has sympathised with Irish patriotism; and for this cause has been devotedly obeyed and loved. England first forced the pope upon the Anglo-Irish church; and then, by a most infatuated and criminal policy, obliged his old enemy, the Celtic church, to fly into his arms for refuge from the fury of the exterminator! The steadfast and genial support of nationality being smitten down and torn away from the Irish vine, its trampled tendrils clung, of necessity, to Rome, and it has ever since brought forth 'wild grapes.'

Mr. Todd dedicates his work to the 'Warden and Fellows of the College of St. Columba' (a Puseyite institution), 'an *undertaking*, the first that has ever been *made*, to recommend the Irish church to the Irish people, by asserting its connexion with the ancient church of their fathers.' What a pity so admirable a thought was so late in coming into the world! How did it

happen that 'the Irish church did not *make* this *undertaking* sooner?' For centuries this mysterious connexion between the church of Patrick and the church of Primate Beresford was never once '*asserted*!' We have seen that there were *two* churches in Ireland before the Reformation. The Dean of Ardagh most accurately distinguishes them thus:—'The one was the church of the *anglo-popish aristocracy, and of the ascendancy party*; the other was the church of the Irish clergy and people.'—(*Ireland and her Church*, p. 112, 113.) Strange to say, the Dean also dreams of an identity between the *latter* and the Protestant establishment.

But we would seriously ask these gentlemen, which of these 'sisters' was reformed by Henry and Elizabeth, and converted into *their* Irish church? Was it the Celtic, the Gaelic, the native, the national, the popular, the anti-Roman? or was it 'the anglo-popish church of the aristocracy and of the ascendancy party,' of the colony and the pale? Is there a child who has read even a primer of Irish history, but will answer,—Certainly the Reformation took effect among the English-speaking people of the pale, and not among the 'mere Irish'—not among 'the Irish clergy and people?'

Yet there are learned antiquarians and very reverend divines, who insist on the very reverse of this; and who can doubt it now, since it is '*asserted*' in the College of St. Columba!

At this moment, there seems to be another leaf turned in Ireland's destiny. For more than two centuries, England has been labouring to tread out her national life, in spite of the pope. She has not succeeded; and now she is trying another process with *his* assistance. The re-union of the British crown and the Roman tiara, to repress political agitation in the sister island, is a fact which seems to indicate a new era, and a very unlooked-for revolution in its history. But the present working of this alliance, and its probable consequences, must be reserved for a future article.

Art. V.—*A Memoir of the Rev. John Elias*. By the Rev. E. Morgan, A M., Vicar of Syston, &c. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. J. K. Foster, &c. Jones, Liverpool; and Hughes, London.

NEVER did reviewer sit down to read a work influenced by kindlier feelings than we did the one now before us. We knew the great man whose life it records, and had heard him preach in the strength and glory of his days. The reminiscence is one

of the imperishable treasures left us by the past. The fact of Mr. Morgan's having written this book prepossessed us much in his favour. We were sensibly affected by the gracefulness of the act, and the noble candour of the man's spirit, who, being himself a clergyman of the established church, becomes the biographer and eulogist of a celebrated dissenting minister. Besides, we happen to have a profound interest in the subject of this volume—his life, his times, and his ministry. We have from earliest recollection been deeply curious in the ecclesiastical affairs of the Principality, and have studied somewhat carefully the constitution and history of all its sects. The portraiture of a life so intimately connected with these matters, had therefore to us no common attraction. There was another cause of our predilection for the volume before us. We had read some very flattering notices of it in one or two periodicals; in one especially, whose editor we would have willingly trusted in such a case. Thus disposed, we read the book—aye, we actually read it through; and now we make our report. It must be an honest one; and, however much we regret the necessity laid upon us, we must say nothing but the truth. We have, then, put down this volume with feelings of intense mortification. In all the necessary characteristics of such a work, it is a most signal, a most pitiful failure; in its style, or rather its no-style, it is excessively puerile and powerless, with scarcely a tolerably constructed sentence, excepting in some of the quotations from other writers, throughout its two hundred and sixteen pages: and this from a clergyman, and M. A. of Cambridge! Nothing can be more feeble, more pointless, more jejune than the composition. The book mainly consists of exclamations of wonder, iteration and reiteration of unmeaning and common-place eulogy, interwoven with the baldest and most indiscriminating detail of John Elias's personal, domestic, and public history. We have again and again wondered that Mr. Morgan did not catch some of the spirit of his hero, some little of that vivacity and vigour which distinguished the remarkable man commemorated in his pages. On the contrary, he transfers his own dulness to the great subject itself.

The 'Elias' of this book (for, with wretched taste, Mr. Morgan calls him 'Elias,' without any prefix whatever) is not *the John Elias* whom formerly we heard with wonder, with tears, and with joy. Had we not previously the means of forming our own estimate of the great preacher, we are bound in truth to say this production would have been of no real use to us. He was a good man, we might have said, perhaps, he was a great man; for Mr. Morgan says so, but he does not give us any materials by which we may ourselves come to that con-

clusion. Had it not been for some quotations from letters of friends, especially Mr. Thomas's graphic and vigorous sketch, the reader would not have, in the whole volume, a single datum upon which to form his opinions of John Elias. Mr. Morgan does not in one instance bring before us a concise, or even intelligible account, of one of the sources of his eloquence. Epithets there are enough, but discrimination there is none. In the very first paragraph we find him saying, 'Very few have been so gifted as Elias.' He might have left this unsaid until we had heard something of his personal history. It is just saying nothing, that is, nothing to the purpose, because at no proper time and in no proper place. He quotes largely from John Elias's autobiography, but very much mars the effect of these sketches, by frequently interrupting the narrative to interpose remarks of his own, in which he sometimes repeats, *in less forcible language*, what the writer has been saying; and in other instances he indulges in pious reflections, the obviousness of which, and their tameness of style, make them superfluous, and sometimes worse than useless. For instance, in page 4:—

'As soon as I was able,' he is quoting from the autobiography, 'to walk with my grandfather to the parish church, I was obliged to go with him that very sabbath. He was a true churchman. There were at that time no Methodists, to the best of my knowledge, in that neighbourhood. There was, however, a small chapel, that belonged to a few people of that denomination, within about two miles of us, in a place called *Pentref uchaf*. My grandfather used to have family prayer morning and evening. He would read a chapter in the Bible with Mr. P. Williams's exposition; then he would pray in one of those excellent forms of Mr. G. Jones, of Llanddowror, in a very devout and serious manner. My grandfather endeavoured to teach me to read the Welsh language, when I was about four or five old. I had even read from the beginning of Genesis to the middle of Jeremiah, when I was at the age of seven years.'

Let the reader remember this is a translation by Mr. Morgan. At this point he stops for a moment, and gives the following *profound* and *striking* reflections:—

'We cannot but perceive that there was something remarkable and promising in such a child as this. We are reminded of young Timothy, by his love of the Scriptures and diligence in perusing them. *Not many had read the Bible* (the italics are our own) *so far as he had, even at a more advanced age.* We find by the account Elias has given of himself, that his grandfather's pious attention towards him, particularly in training him up in the ways of the Lord, was not in vain,' &c.

Again, in page 6:—

'Once,' he says, 'I heard a lad swearing: it was new to me, for I

was not allowed to be in the company of immoral characters. However, I thought the boy was clever and masterly in uttering the words, and I was tempted to follow his example: and I went far from all people, even into the middle of a field, to try to utter the oath! Alas! I was so unfortunate as to speak the awful word, upon which I was immediately seized with such fears and terrors, that I apprehended I should be swallowed up instantly alive on the spot into hell.

Here the biographer interferes, and says—‘How remarkably tender was Elias’s conscience, and how carefully he must have been brought up in the fear of God and his holy ways.’ To this he adds, *in a note at the foot the page*, ‘Young Elias might be fearful some person should hear him from the hedges, or that some judgment might befall him from thence: he consequently went as far as possible in his apprehension from all danger, on the painful occasion of taking the oath,’ &c. We are, indeed, quite puzzled as to the principle upon which our author arranges his notes. In the above instance the note might have been incorporated in the text, without impairing its continuity or disturbing its coherence. Sometimes he seems to insert a note to fetch up what he appears to feel has not been said in the text; and we are sorry to add, the failure is equally certain at the foot of the page. Again, he puts part of a letter in the text, and the other portion in a note. In one instance, p. 209, he inserts a letter in the text, which the writer refers to a former letter to the author; and when you have read the second letter, an asterisk sends you to the first in a note below! The reader may indeed be amused by such introversion; but if he expects by inserting in the text the matter in the notes, to deduce from the whole some intelligible and consistent outline of biographic incident, some definite and marked description of private and public character, his amusement will soon give place to utter disappointment and mortification.

In what Mr. Morgan endeavours to say, he offends greatly against right feeling and good taste, by omitting all reference to the *weak points* in John Elias’s character. Such there are in all men, and in men of strong minds they are frequently very apparent. If Mr. Elias were indeed the good man which Mr. Morgan attempts to describe him, and had no neutralizing qualities, in addition to and dissimilarity from those attributed to him in this book, he was the ‘faultless monster’ so often described as existing only in imagination amongst the sons of men. There is in these pages no hint of any defect in temper, in discretion, or in spirit. The fair inference from these premises would be, that as far as human cognizance went, there actually was no blemish in him. Now we would not record with invidious

care a long catalogue of the weaknesses of good men, who are departed, and are now faultless before the throne; but we would, if there be any biographical delineation of a departed servant of God, have briefly indicated the leading features of his *entire* character; and therefore the respects in which he was most liable to failure should have their place—not a prominent one, indeed, but an actual place. We would have it so for the truth's sake, and for the sake of the real and abiding utility of biographic writings. In the present instance, it is not in the spirit of depreciation we say that we are sorry Mr. Morgan did not, even in his way, tell us more than he has, and did not give us some few things of a different character to those he has communicated. John Elias was a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, formed by their system of church government into a most devoted admirer of his own connexion, and a most determined opponent of every change or innovation. He did not (and no Welsh Methodist in existence who is forty years of age will say he did) always conduct himself in matters coming into this department with any very eminent exemplification of the milder and more benignant qualities. His opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill was, we doubt not, quite honest, but it was very vehement and denunciatory; and woe to the wight in his denomination who dared to avow any friendship to it. Some members of the Welsh church at Jewin Crescent petitioning parliament in favour of the measure; were most unceremoniously, not to say *cruelly*, excluded from membership; and this extreme step John Elias afterwards elaborately defended. His fear of *Fullerism* was very great, and his attacks on those whom he suspected of favouring it amongst his brethren, at the B—— and other associations, were not eminent for candour or kindness.* We are far from wondering at these things; we can revere the good man's memory, while we distinctly remember them; we can, in our own way and to our own satisfaction, account for them. We only tell Mr. Morgan he ought to have let us know something of them.

We are sorry to have another objection to make. There is no proportionate place given in this volume to John Elias's contemporaries. Has Mr. Morgan never read Orme's *Life of Dr. Owen*, or Milner's *Life of Watts*? How adroitly these biographers bring in as a fitting and coherent part of the narrative, so

* 'People now say, yes, Welsh Methodist preachers say, *that man can believe the Gospel*,' was his indignant complaint at the Bala Association not many years before his death. An excellent minister still living, observed, that probably such a statement might *not* be altogether erroneous. 'I say he cannot, *as a sinner*,' thundered out the mighty orator. 'I beg to say,' was the shrewd rejoinder, 'that God *did not* make man a sinner, and man is answerable to him as a creature, irrespective of his self-acquired sinfulness.'

many bewitching sketches of contemporary biography! How necessary this seems to be to the completeness of these works and how commandingly interesting it makes them! It escapes, our ingenuity to devise how Mr. Morgan has avoided all reference to John Elias's contemporaries in and out of his own denomination. In a country like Wales, so isolated, in consequence of its language, so united in religious creed, and so unsophisticated as to the general character of its people; a preacher, of Elias's celebrity, must in the course of his long life, have had much acquaintance and intercourse with other eminent men, engaged in similar pursuits. With the exception of some utterly uninteresting references to a few ministers who aided him in his youth, and a few allusions to Mr. CHARLES, we have nothing of the kind in the whole book. Out of his own connexion, a considerable number of names occurs to us with whom he was more or less, directly, or indirectly acquainted. JOSEPH HARRIS amongst the Welsh Baptists, the reviver of Welsh literature, and the first editor of *Seren Gomer*, a periodical in which some of John Elias's most characteristic productions appeared:—CHRISTMAS EVANS, the Welsh Demosthenes, in the same denomination, and for many years resident contemporaneously with John Elias, in the island of Anglesea; WILLIAM WILLIAMS, that profoundly metaphysical preacher, one of the noblest men of our day, and one of the principal ornaments of the Welsh Independents. JOHN ROBERTS labouring in the same ranks, once engaged in friendly controversy with the subject of these Memoirs, 'pure as a seraph, and gentle as a lamb;'—these must have come so often in his way, and he in theirs, that we incline to think the biographer has designedly avoided all allusion to them. This, however, astonishes us less than his silence, with regard to Elias's excellent contemporaries in his own religious body. According to Mr. Morgan's account almost every thing great and good amongst the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, is to be attributed to his hero. How little must he have really known of them, or how *unthinkingly* has he written this work! That John Elias was their greatest preacher, as far as mere popular effect was concerned, we readily admit; but as to the actual management of their affairs, and thorough and pervading influence on their general mind, he was by no means predominant. We certainly expected in this connexion some reference to EBENEZER MORRIS, that man of apostolic energy of character, of personal presence and power, and of such severe taste in the composition of his sermons, that we once heard a masterly Welsh scholar say of him, 'I never heard him use a word which did not seem to me to be *the*

*only proper one.** EBENEZER RICHARD, that cool, self-possessed, and sagacious mind, made to govern without exciting envy, and to warn without inspiring anger. DAVID CHARLES, whose sermons were a series of apothegms, and from whose lips in dry language, and with dryer manner, concentrated wisdom fell; these, (we refer not to those still living) were inferior to John Elias only in the article of popular oratory, while in other respects they were his equals, and in the actual controul of connexional matters his superiors. They arrogated less power and had more, they were less dogmatic, but not less apostolic.

With regard to the peculiar character of John Elias's preaching, we look in vain for information in these pages. What was the source of his power? Was it principally natural or artificial? What was the distinctive modification of his mind? Was it strength of faculty, clearness of apprehension, or vividness and variety of fancy? Read the book again and again, and you cannot answer these inquiries. How did he deport himself in the pulpit? Was he quiet or animated? Had he any remarkable intonations of voice, or emphasis? On all these matters 'this deponent sayeth *nought*.'

We are sorry for this, for Mr. Morgan's own sake. We regret that a man so evidently Christian-minded, and so catholic in spirit, should do himself so little credit. We are still more sorry for it on public grounds. A great occasion has been thrown away, and an opportunity for extensive usefulness has been lost. 'The Life and Times of John Elias,' present a rich and inviting theme, to an ordinarily practised pen. They supply much, very much of most interesting detail, connected with the man, his connexions, and the history of religion in his country, and might have been made the medium of conveying to the English public a more accurate view of Welsh ecclesiastical affairs, than is commonly possessed. But this opportunity has been lost, and we part with Mr. Morgan, thanking him for his intentions; while we regret we can thank him for nothing else. We must add, that *the Life* of John Elias is unwritten; and let us also add, that we shall anxiously look to Bala, or Trevecca for it. We earnestly hope we shall not look in vain.†

* Ebenezer Morris's voice was stentorian, yet perfectly manageable. An English traveller hearing him at Bridgend, in Glamorganshire, as he passed through the town, inserted in a small book he afterwards published, this remark, "*It was as though he had received the rudiments of his elocutionary education at the mouth of a speaking trumpet.*"

† A subject to which this volume strongly tempts us to refer, is the relation between the Welsh Methodists and the Established Church. It contains some strange statements, which we should much like to dwell

We subjoin a hurried sketch of John Elias; relying for dates, and biographical incidents, on Mr. Morgan's authority.

He was born on the 6th of May, 1774, at Brynllwynbach, in the parish of Awerch, near Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire. His father was a weaver, and had some share in the advantage of a small farm, which he jointly cultivated with his father. This grandfather of John Elias took an early liking to his grandson, and with exemplary assiduity sought to direct his footsteps aright. He taught him to read, took him regularly to church, frequently conversed with him on questions of morality and religion, and especially succeeded in fastening his attention on the Bible. In the seventh year of his age, he was afflicted with the small-pox, and its effects debilitated him for some years; during which, many interesting conferences occurred between him and his devoted grandfather. On his recovering strength sufficient to move about, he accompanied the old man to church, and to hear celebrated Dissenting ministers, who, principally from South Wales, from time to time visit the north. Sometimes the preacher was late, and then John Elias was put to read the scriptures to the expectant people. On one such occasion, before he was twelve years of age, he was thrust into the pulpit to do so, and with trembling, read part of the Sermon on the Mount. 'At length,' he says, 'I looked sideways, and observed the preacher standing by the door of the pulpit; I was greatly alarmed, I closed the Bible immediately, and came down as fast as I could.' The history of his boyhood, is the history of the constant struggles of his mind, under a conviction of sin, a desire towards God and his cause, and the corrupt propensities of his nature. At length it pleased Him who had separated him to His work and service, to give him liberty and peace by means of 2 Cor. v. 18, 19.

'About this time,' he says, 'the Lord was pleased to favour me with strong and clear manifestations of his mind by his Spirit in my soul, respecting the gospel, and his gracious method of saving sinners. A passage from the Scriptures struck me one day in a remarkable manner, and on a certain spot on my way to Pwllheli, which I well remember. It is 2 Cor. v. 18, 19,—*the ministry of reconciliation*: the expression came into my mind with new light and power. Oh! the enjoyment of my soul! God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. I beheld the wondrous excellence and glory of the plan, which reconciles *without imputing trespasses*! I then perceived how that God

upon at large, but our limits forbid it at the present moment. It will come in our way in an article we contemplate on the History and Character of Welsh Nonconformity.

effected this, by imputing our sins to Christ, and counting his righteousness to us. The doctrine of justification has ever since been of infinite importance in my esteem.'

Young John Elias soon felt a desire to preach the gospel to his fellowmen, but 'perceived,' (he says) the desire was not reasonable in him, who had not yet been received as a member of the church.' In September, 1793, he united in church-fellowship with a small Methodist society, at *Hendre Howel*. The good man at whose house he stayed, and with whom he worked, as a weaver, put him to engage in family prayer alternately with himself, and his devotional spirit soon became very eminent. He attended a night school, (Sunday-schools then 'were not,') which circulated through the hamlet. These schools were very religiously conducted, and it frequently devolved on John Elias to perform every service that was observed. He read Welsh well, and this he was often called upon to do, as well as to catechise and engage in prayer. On some of these occasions he delivered a brief exhortation. 'Prayer meetings he also attended with great industry and earnestness.' Some old disciple, in his simplicity, (he says), urged me to speak a few words as an exhortation whilst reading the chapter. I soon felt a desire in my own mind for that work. Some passages of Scripture came to my thoughts, and some matter of warning or admonition would occur to me. When a preacher failed to keep his appointment I was occasionally requested to speak to the congregation. It was soon noised abroad, that the lad with Griffith Jones preached, and this caused much talk in the country.' He was at length admitted by the Welsh Methodist monthly meeting, a regular preacher in the country. This took place on Christmas-day, 1794. This day he always afterwards remembered with devout gratitude. He soon became anxious for education and mental improvement, and it is curiously interesting, at this time, to find that his elder brethren, so far from stimulating the desire, gave him every discouragement. Some Welsh people at Manchester, invited him there, that he might go to a school, and preach to them on the Sabbath. They generously offered to defray the expences of his education. He applied to his brethren at the next monthly meeting, for permission to go to Manchester for six months' education. He was sharply rebuked by the meeting, and told that it arose from nothing but the pride of his heart, and that it was the thirst of becoming a great preacher that made him now think of going to school. He then courageously determined, that congregations should not lose on account of his not having learning when young. 'I determined, (he adds), if the Lord would please to support and help me, to make up the deficiency by study and hard labour.'

He afterwards succeeded to have a few month's (*only a few month's!*) education at the school of the Rev. E. Richardson, Caernarvon. He here learnt so much English, he says, as led him to understand the subject matter of a book. However, he confesses, 'I did not learn anything to perfection, for I was but a short time under the care of that good friend; but I was put into the way of acquiring many things by industry and hard labour. I was enabled to persevere day and night in my studies without fatigue or delay, and continued unceasingly in this work, until I had, in some measure, acquired a general knowledge of the things most necessary for me. *But I am now, even in my 67th year, learning, and see greater need of knowledge every day.*'

In the year, 1799, Mr. Elias removed to the island of Anglesea, where he resided during the remainder of his days. He henceforth took an active and distinguished part in all the affairs of his denomination, and soon achieved as a preacher the highest eminence among them. His preaching was early of great promise. The seriousness of his spirit, and the earnestness of his purpose gave him weight with the truly religious; while the rapid flow of his elocution, combined with entire self-possession, commanded general admiration. The circumstances in which he was placed, contributed much to call forth the prominent characteristics of his mind and ministry. Preaching is eminently popular in Wales. It was then, and to a great extent, is still almost the only occasion of public assembling. The people are eminently theological. Stand and listen to two peasants on the mountain side, go to the field at harvest, to the mill, or the smithy, or mingle with Welshmen among the iron and copper, and coal works, aye, go the public house, and in a majority of instances you will find them discussing theology. Points of the most abstruse description, and difficult passages of Scripture, form the staple of their talk, in fair, in market, by the way, throughout the day's labour, and at evening's rest. Thus, we can easily account for that, which so much astonishes strangers visiting the principality in the spring and summer. When during such visits they attend the meeting of a Welsh association, they are astonished to find the most intense sympathy between a mass of four or even ten thousand people of all ages and conditions, and every word the preacher utters; and this when the discourse is so thoroughly doctrinal, that its principal portions would be utterly unintelligible to a congregation of English peasants. John Elias began to preach to such people in their own tongue. His qualification was then rather of the heart than of the intellect. The latter was but scantily furnished, while the former was swelling with love to God and to man. In

youth he was mighty in the Scriptures. This gave him great power with a people who refer to the Bible to settle every kind of dispute. His connexional relations were also in his favour. He was engaged in an itinerating ministry. In the comparatively uncultivated state of his mind this circumstance aided him materially, as fewer sermons were necessary, and he had more time to give them completeness, while his repeated delivery of a discourse furnished opportunities for alteration and emendation; which advantages are virtually lost in a stated ministry. We trust we shall not be misunderstood, when we add that a narrower range of intellectual qualifications sufficed for the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales, during the greater portion of John Elias's life, than had been enjoyed by them during the life time of their founders, and than they must have, and are endeavouring to secure for themselves, henceforth. The founders of this denomination were almost to a man clergymen and scholars. When they were dying off, THOMAS CHARLES left the Establishment and cast in his lot among them. As far as he had gone in the walks of literature, he was a ripe scholar. With the original languages of the Bible, and the English tongue, he was exactly and critically acquainted. Of the language of his native mountains he was a perfect master; and there is not in the principality any work to surpass, few to compare, with his *GEIRIADUR* as to purity and chasteness of style, apart from its other and manifold excellencies. These great men died and left behind them a large number of preachers, but not, with very inconsiderable exceptions, men of early mental culture. Their ministry has therefore of necessity, been destitute of the many nameless advantages which result from such culture, and this has habituated the people to a *less varied* kind of preaching than the two congregational denominations have enjoyed. Indeed, and they must not be offended by our plainness of speech, the Welsh Methodists have been most unfaithful to themselves in respect to their ministry. For many years they did nothing towards educating their preachers, beyond sending one now and then to Glasgow, and more often to Cheshunt, and latterly to Highbury. Some of these became congregationalists and settled in England, others settled over Countess of Huntingdon congregations, and with some two or three exceptions only the feeble returned home; latterly they have seen this subject in the same light with Independents and Baptists, and have now promising institutions at Bala and Trevecca.

John Elias as a preacher was created by and for this state of things. His popularity was not confined to Anglesea, or to North Wales—indeed, in this body popularity in one part of Wales is popularity every where. A minister ordained

at the Bala association, and residing at Holyhead, is, during his visit, as much the pastor of the Methodist church at Cardiff, as he is of that in the town of his residence. The following is a brief account of one of John Elias's preaching tours. He leaves Anglesea for the association at Llangeitho. He preaches twice or thrice a day during his whole journey, and is followed by crowds from village to village. At length he arrives at the great rendezvous of Welsh Methodism. He preaches the evening before the association. Two strange brethren had been announced the preceding Sabbath, names not given. The principal part of the available population attends. A few strangers have arrived, ten or twelve *balaenoriaid* from Carmarthen and Pembrokeshires, some of them came last Saturday that they might spend one Lord's-day at Llangeitho before they die! Much have they spoken on the Monday about the olden men (*yr hen ych*). They have been anxious to know whether any body lives who remembers DANIEL ROWLAND, and not taking into account the lapse of time, are disappointed to find that there lives in the neighbourhood but one woman who heard him preach, and that she is bed-ridden; and that the old man who heard his last sermon, and whom he shook hands with the last time he was out, died three weeks ago. Time for commencing divine service arrives—the capacious chapel is crowded—a stranger, in slow and measured accents reads a psalm, gives out one of William William's hymns, and engages in prayer. Another stranger ascends the pulpit, he is sad-looking, his hair straight over his forehead, clad in a blue single breasted coat, a black double breasted waistcoat, buttoned up under his chin, with his legs encased in patent cords and top-boots. He reads his text in a low tone of voice, with somewhat of a drawl;—the people know him not, but he is from the north, and of the connexion, and that is enough. He dwells at some length on the context, then gives his discourse: there is nothing great; but it is sound orthodox matter; besides, he quotes Dr. Owen, and perhaps Manton, or Flavel. A flash of light gleams, and then another, but he does not allow himself to get excited; and having succeeded in awakening and fixing the people's attention, he closes, invoking the Divine benediction on what they have heard, and, with emphasis, '*on what they shall hear.*' John Elias then stands up—his face is strongly marked with clear and distinct expressions of real and personal character, somewhat 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' he is calm, self-possessed, and firm, and with a gravity so profound, that every approach or tendency to levity dies at once in his presence. He is a somewhat tall, slender man, his whole personal make and appearance denoting habits of untiring

activity. 'Whoever this is (the observant hearer will say to himself), *I feel I shall be bound to listen to him.*' He gives out a single verse of Edmund Prys's translation of the Psalms, and then proceeds with his text—read with quiet, but most effective emphasis. He makes some interesting remarks of an obvious, but very appropriate character. Probably he takes some pains to settle the exact force of its principal terms, quoting some critical authority, but in the simplest and most unaffected manner. He divides the subject naturally, and becomes somewhat animated. The first head of discourse has been discussed, every body feeling that no more can be said upon it, so completely has he opened and laid it bare before their eyes. He approaches the salient point of the sermon, and his vivacity increases, the right hand seems a thing inspired, its motions are an integral part of the matter, deeper and deeper grow the intonations of the voice, while the animation increases mightily. Nothing can be more measured than its cadences—and still they are instinct with living fire: they blaze, they burn, they scorch: the preacher pauses—look, now, at that right hand aloft in the air—look at the poising of that fore finger, once, twice, thrice; look at that face, the firmly compressed lips, the distended nostrils, the sparkling and brilliant eyes reposing themselves for a moment; the expansive forehead, bright and fair in all its manly beauty; a thousand human beings before him, with slightly opened mouths, suspended breath, and rapt attention, all hang on the lips of this once poor weaver boy; yes, he has got it; he has been looking at and into the people—he has been catching a thought, and reimpresing his memory and his conscience with it, out it comes with all the splendour and energy and sublimity of the most finished, sustained and impassioned sacred oratory. The people tremble, weep, and are possessed—the charm is upon them—he sways them at his will—they move before him as shocks of corn before the breeze. He closes his discourse in a short prayer. Two men walk home together. The youngest asks, 'Who could that preacher be?' The other, somewhat contemptuously, replies, 'Who? John Elias, to be sure. Who else could preach such a sermon?'

When the whole scene has passed away, and the recollection of it remains, an unimpassioned analysis of the preacher's peculiar qualifications will perhaps produce some such result as this. It is not his personal godliness that distinguishes him; though that be eminent, other men are, in this respect, as eminent as he, and are immeasurably his inferiors in the pulpit. It is not the depth and closeness of his reasoning—many preachers in his own day, and country, and denomination, have been abler

logicians, and far less prone to false reasoning—while they are dwarfs beside him before the public. It was not the power and excursiveness of his fancy, for he never excelled in metaphors, and those he employed were never original or striking. It is, firstly, the continued presence and influence of good common sense, and of a sober, if not always a sound judgment, in the selection of his subjects, and the manner of discussing them; secondly, a subtlety, though not a depth of intellectual power, which invested whatever he treated with an interest that freshened and brightened it up for the time, and smote the hearer with admiration and delight; and, above all, a well conceived, and consummately elaborated elocution. His greatness, his one greatness, was, we do not say matchless, but we do say, UNSURPASSED ORATORY. We think we have read all that has appeared in this country in the shape of accounts of Whitefield's eloquence, and we have no inclination to yield even him the palm; we have no idea that in mere oratory he was at all superior to John Elias. William Williams was eloquent, but it was the eloquence of his conceptions, while he was utterly careless of manner, and even of words. Christmas Evans was, on some occasions, mightier in his eloquence than John Elias, but it was when his imperial fancy led him aloft, and his hearers with him, and no more the result of previous elaborate study than are the complaints of a child. But John Elias was THE ORATOR. Inconclusive, and common-place, he might occasionally be, but otherwise than eloquent he could not be. He was THE SACRED ORATOR, who devoted his long and godly life to the best interests of his country and of mankind. His career has closed, his remains lie at peace at Llanfaes, until the morning of the great and awful day, when the Son of God will come with the clouds to ransom 'the purchased possession,' to restore to the souls of his redeemed their glorified bodies, and "to deliver up the kingdom to God and his Father, that GOD MAY BE ALL IN ALL."

Art. VI. *Margaret: or the Gold Mine.* From the French of Elie Berthet. London: Robert Weir.

THIS is a very interesting tale, written—as the translator remarks, in her modest preface, 'in a spirit so different to that which generally pervades the writings of our lively neighbours, that no apology need be offered for its production in an English form, even to that class of readers who are the most rigid condemners of the present French school of romance.' The story

is, indeed, characterized by a unity of design, an earnestness, a severity of thought and style, which contrasts most favourably with the extravagancies of Dumas, Soulié, Jules Janin, and that leader in all that is unnatural and revolting, Eugene Sue, while the lofty morality which breathes throughout, separates it still more widely from a class of works with which it has nothing in common, save the name.

Although the translator has not remarked it, we believe the main incidents of the tale to be founded in fact. Indeed, from the truthfulness of each incident, and the dramatic character of the whole, it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are not reading a narrative of what actually occurred, instead of a skillfully constructed fiction based only on an historical anecdote.

The scene is laid in the French Alps, toward the close of the last century, but previous to the Revolution, among those almost inaccessible mountains where 'Mount Pelvoux, monarch of all, shoots up to the elevation of fourteen thousand feet, (almost the height of Mont Blanc,) and appears to shake the snow from his own head on those of his rivals, Mounts Olan and Genève, although separated from them by several leagues.' At the foot of Mount Pelvoux, a small monastery, called Lautaret, stands, and here, one summer evening, two young men and a stranger sought refuge from a violent storm.

'The stranger who had thus coolly introduced himself into the hospice, and who, when there, conducted himself as if in a common inn, was a mountaineer of some forty-five years, of a frank open countenance and robust frame, whose whole exterior bespoke a man in easy circumstances, and whose home was probably in some adjoining valley. He wore a large square coat of thick cloth; his striped waistcoat, descending very low, almost covered trousers of the same materials as his coat; and these were met by large stockings drawn above the knee, where they were confined by red ribbon garters. His long light hair flowed upon his shoulders, from beneath a large slouched hat, placed carelessly on his head. The ample *sombrero* cast a shade over a countenance bronzed by exposure to the inclemency of the weather; but, by the fire's fitful blaze, much of the steady intelligence and somewhat rough goodnature, which characterises the inhabitants of the Upper Alps, might be read in the traveller's features. To sum up all, the stranger's exterior was certainly prepossessing, and in any other than this canton, so unfavourable to agriculturists, he would have been set down as one of that body, returning from an excursion to some neighbouring farm.'—p. 89.

The kind enquiries addressed by this mountaineer to the two young men, are parried by the elder with an anxiety which excites his suspicions. These are increased by the subsequent appearance of two officers of the mounted patrol, in

attendance on a magistrate, which, it soon appears, is charged with the arrest of two fugitives from Lyons. The extreme terror of the younger of the two at the sight of these new comers, and his whispered prayer to the mountaineer to save them, proves that they are the very persons the officers are in pursuit of. Martin Simon, the mountaineer, struck with the sickly appearance of the younger, interposes, and by pretending they are his nephews, lulls the suspicions of the magistrate who is worn out with fatigue, and then conducts them to their chamber. He now closely, but kindly questions them; and learning that the elder is the Chevalier de Peyras, and his companion, no brother, but Ernestine de Blanchefort, a young lady of family, who has fled with him as his affianced bride, he lectures them severely; but, on finding that the poor girl has fled from a harsh, unloving father, finally assures them of his protection. The mystery which seems to shroud this Martin Simon, is increased, when, on taking their departure the following morning, they observe him throwing a handful of gold into the alms box!

It has been arranged that the two young people should accompany Martin Simon, as brother and sister, until the danger was passed. They now proceed, and meet an old man, who has been sent with a message to their protector, who leaves them under escort. He was the village schoolmaster, and from him, after much questioning, they learn that their protector is 'the present proprietor of the village Bout du Monde, and he whom men have named the 'king of Pelvoux.'

'The king of Pelvoux!' repeated the Chevalier, in astonishment; 'do you mean to say that the person to whom we have been talking as Martin Simon, is the king of Pelvoux?'

'It is he himself. Have you ever heard him mentioned?'

'Yes,' said Marcellin, trying to recall the circumstances to his recollection. 'It is reported that he is a rich nobleman, who has established a kind of little kingdom in this inaccessible country, and has the credit of being enormously rich. Many persons most firmly believe that he is in communication with the Evil One; and I am not sure, but I think, that the parliament considered it their duty, to investigate some charge of sorcery in which he was concerned.'

'No, no!' said the schoolmaster, with much gravity; 'things were not quite so bad as all that. The parliament certainly did send commissioners into our valley, to search for an imaginary gold mine, but M. Martin Simon suffered no more molestation than any other inhabitant of the village. I can fully comprehend, however, that those who charged him with sorcery, fancied that they had substantial grounds for the accusation. His father, the Spirit of the Mountain, though a better character towards the close of his life, was at best but a singular being. Certainly, M. Martin Simon is the Bailli, and the person of greatest consequence in our valley; but he bears no lordly title.'—pp.82—83.

After encountering many difficulties, not the least of which was, the appearance of the magistrate, M. Michelot, who, although charged with their apprehension, now to their surprise accompanies them as a friend, they reach—

‘Two rocks, steep and close to each other, which served as posts to a gigantic doorway; whence arose the idea of uniting them at their base by trunks of almost unhewn trees placed crossways. Enormous stakes, driven into the ground, completed this rough enclosure, to which were fastened folding gates, large enough to admit two chariots abreast.

‘This was the entrance into the little valley of Bout du Monde: and such was this disposition of the ground, that this door, as in the Grande Chartreuse, was the only means of access into an enclosure, protected on every other side by inaccessible mountains.

‘But it was after passing this portico, nature’s unassisted work, that the majesty and beauty of the scene engrossed the travellers’ entire attention. Although the defile was neither so long, nor so dark, as that of the Lautaret, an obscurity reigned in it, that enhanced the gleaming brightness of the valley thus viewed in perspective.

‘It was an enchanting English garden, among granite rocks; a terrestrial paradise, where every thing appeared good, pleasant, and harmonious. Orchards filled with fruit-trees, fields of corn and rye, and green pastures, trenched on the dark barren sides and dazzling snows of the mountains. In the centre stood the village, where each house, white and gay, with its little garden and hedge-rows of fruit trees, seemed a palace, compared with the miserable hovels of the adjoining valleys. The church raised its tapering slated spire at the foot of an enormous rock, which, overhanging the other buildings, defended them from the fall of the avalanches. But all were partially concealed by the thick foliage, now gilded by the sun’s rays, and the whole valley might not inaptly have been compared to a basket filled with evergreens and flowers.

‘Martin Simon, for one moment, enjoyed the astonishment and enthusiasm of his visitors.

‘‘It is I who have created the little world that is before you,’ said he, with the greatest satisfaction in his voice; ‘it is I that have made these sterile rocks productive, that have peopled this dreary wilderness, that have rendered it a sure asylum for man, in this inhospitable climate. . . . The day that my father first put his foot on this desolate corner of the world, a ragged shepherd, and the chamois were its sole inhabitants.’

‘He paused, as if fearful of having said too much; the two strangers gazed on him in admiration.

‘‘You must have been very rich to have accomplished such wonders!’ exclaimed the Procureur.

‘‘And most courageous to dare the undertaking!’ said the Chevalier de Peyras.

‘The king of Pelvoux thoughtfully shook his head.

‘‘Both riches and courage, were, perhaps, requisite,’ said he, ‘and perhaps, something more. . . . I have often been accused of sor-

cery, and truly I know not, if there be not some foundation for the charge, in the history of this country! But come, gentlemen; you will have time hereafter to examine the wonders of this valley."—pp.107—109.

Martin Simon conducts the party to his house, and introduces them to his only daughter, the heroine.

'Margaret Simon's features, though tanned by the air and sun, were regular and faultless. Her figure was majestic, and her whole person attested that purity of blood and strength of constitution so admired in the women of Piedmont and Savoy; a serious and reflecting air characterized her demeanour, and well became the style of her countenance; her carriage was dignified, almost noble; and the villagers remarked that her deportment was an index to her mind. They said that she was tolerant and lenient to the opinions of others, but rigid and inflexible in her own. She spoke little, but that little was always marked by good sense, and the strictest adherence to truth: whilst from her father, Margaret, or Margot, as he familiarly called her, inherited a discerning and active mind, which had been cultivated and strengthened by the sound and useful education imparted by Eusèbe Noël, the poor enthusiastic admirer of Virgil. Her costume, simple, unpretending, and without ornament, consisted of a red and black striped apron over a brown cloth dress, so short that it fully displayed her neatly embroidered stockings. On her head she wore one of those straw hats, so fantastically embellished at the opera; but which in their simplicity are not devoid of elegance. Nothing in her person revealed that spirit of coquetry that we almost admiringly pardon in young girls. Margaret was either unconscious of her beauty, or judged that 'beauty unadorned, was adorned the most;' perhaps she was perfectly devoid of woman's vanity, perhaps too proud to allow any indications of such feminine weakness to become visible. In short, dignity, rather than naïveté or elegance, was the general character of her person.'—pp. 114—115.

Margaret is presented to the pretended brother and sister, and, with this deception, the tale of her sorrow begins.

Martin Simon feasts his friends pleasantly, but they are disturbed in the midst by the entry of an old man—a mere drunken knife-grinder, but who, nevertheless, appears to have the power of irritating the King of Pelvoux almost to madness. The subsequent scenes draw out Margaret's character very finely, and deepen the mystery that hangs about her father, who not only converts the *procureur* Michelot into an active assistant on behalf of the lovers, but assures them that within a few days he will obtain even the consent of Ernestine's father to their marriage.

The mystery that shrouds his benefactor, makes a deep impression on the Chevalier de Peyras, and scarcely less deep is the influence of the noble beauty, and still more noble character

of the unconscious Margaret, on his wayward heart. Ernestine quickly perceives the change, and awaits, with sorrowful forebodings, the return of M. Michelot, while her lover wearies himself with enquiries and conjectures, as to whom his host really is, and whether he is indeed the possessor, as is whispered, of a gold mine. After some days Michelot returns, charged with a kind message from Ernestine's stern father, consenting to the marriage, and Margaret, who is now for the first time made acquainted that her guests are not brother and sister, is sent to summon them home.

'At this instant, Margaret reached the small kind of platform on which Ernestine and the Chevalier rested. The expression of her countenance was even greater than usual, and when she was near the young people, she said coldly:

'You are expected in the village, come! the lawyer, who accompanied you, is returned, and brings you some important news.'

'Michelot!' exclaimed Marcellin, eagerly,

'Martin Simon's daughter assented, and turned to descend the mountain; Ernestine gently detained her.

'Pray, Margaret,' asked she, 'tell me if the news of which you speak, be good or bad; has my father at length consented to——'

'She checked herself abruptly.

'To your marriage with the Chevalier de Peyras?' replied the young girl, with a cruel intention, of which no one would have judged her capable, 'I cannot tell you.'

'Ernestine blushed, and bent down her head.

'Who has told you? who has made you believe that——'

'Seek no longer to deceive me,' drily answered Margaret; 'this young man is not your brother.'

'Believe me,' stammered Mademoiselle de Blanchefort, 'the necessity alone could——'

'He is not your brother,' repeated the young mountaineer, with cold dignity; 'you have uttered a falsehood, and take care that God does not punish you for it?'

'Ernestine bent her head at this unexpected humiliation, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed aloud.

'Yes, yes?' she exclaimed, 'you are right; God will punish me, he already punishes me! Marcellin, can you now say I have not made sacrifices sufficiently great for you?'

They return together to the house; but on their road meet a party of villagers carrying a dead body, which proved to be that of the old knife-grinder. 'All Margaret's presence of mind gave way, she turned horribly pale, staggered, and wildly shrieked, 'Raboisson—dead! at the foot of a precipice! who has commanded this crime, who has murdered him?'' The peasants are astonished at her violence, but can only say that he probably

fell into the gulf on the side of the road, where he must have lain for some days.

Margaret is led home; and the lovers are summoned to the presence of Martin Simon and the lawyer. Here they find their marriage contract, bearing the signature of Ernestine's father, and giving her a handsome portion, and papers, restoring to the Chevalier de Peyras the family chateau, and its dependencies, which he had mortgaged in his extravagant career. The kind, yet commanding manner of their benefactor, together with the extent of his gifts, excite their utmost astonishment.

'Marcellin and Ernestine seemed petrified: the king of Pelvoux observed them with profound satisfaction, from out of the corner of his eye.

'Suddenly the Chavalier rose.

'I cannot accept so many benefits, without knowing my benefactor!'

'The mountaineer seized de Peyras' delicate hand in his strong grasp.

'Young man,' said he, 'have you then no relative who might be anxious to redeem the honour of his house, by repairing your faults?'

'A relative,' repeated Marcellin, in a thoughtful tone; 'I have none.'

'Are you sure?' said the mountaineer, sadly; 'are you sure that you know all who still bear your name?'

'Too sure . . . at least—'

He paused, and gazed fixedly on his interrogator, who rising in his turn, said gravely—

'You have one, Chevalier—you have one; although in the humble condition in which he now lives, he bears not his own illustrious name: that relative is Martin Simon, baron of Peyras, the actual head of your family—for I am the eldest branch.'—pp. 176—177.

He now proceeds to relate, how his father, in consequence of a quarrel with his younger brother, retired to these inhospitable mountains, and after long wandering about, married a goatherd's daughter. The relator was their only child; and, brought up at a distance from the world, he felt no wish to enter it, and resume his title. He, therefore, also took a wife from among the peasantry. 'Thus, let not the brilliant title of Baron de Peyras, still mine, cause you any illusion;—I have made for myself another title, in which I glory.'

The secret of his immense wealth is, however,, still unrevealed; and the thoughts and wishes which had been brooding in his young cousin's breast, now break forth beyond controul. This mysterious possessor of untold gold—perhaps of a *gold mine*, is his own cousin, still attached to his family, still anxious for the honour of his house. And Margaret, that noble girl, is no Al-

pine peasant, but the bearer of his very name, the sharer of his lordly blood—what a bride would Margaret be for him! He now prays his cousin to postpone his signing the marriage contract, much to the surprise of Martin and dismay of Ernestine; but his benefactor is determined, and the contract is signed.

More unpleasant duties now occupy the king of Pelvoux; he has to draw up the verbal process, detailing the discovery of the body of the knife-grinder, at whose death he seems greatly surprised, and he asks the help of *procureur* Michelot, which is eagerly given. Still a cloud of anxiety seems to rest on them all; and the following morning being appointed for the marriage, they retire early to rest.

Unable to sleep, Marcellin rises ere dawn, and being on the balcony of his chamber, sees Margaret 'gliding along like a shadow,' and completely shrouded in her mantle. What could she do at so early an hour? Surely she was going to the gold mine! He leaps from the low window, and follows her. But her footsteps are not bent toward the mountains; she hurries to a house at the end of the village, and is admitted by two old men—the schoolmaster, whose house it was, and the Prior of Lautaret. He waits anxiously to learn her errand, and listens to some preparatory conversation. At length—

'You know of Raboisson's death?' said she at length, in a hoarse tone, and in one long breath, without raising her eyes.

'The schoolmaster turned pale.

'I know it, I know it,' he answered. 'Did they not, in the presence of the dead body, make me act as scribe, when the verbal process was drawn out? The horrible figure follows me yet! I think I still see the unhappy wretch as he——'

'He paused suddenly, and placed his hands before his eyes, as if to exclude some horrible sight.

'It is about that writing that I wish to question you,' replied Margaret, very sorrowfully. 'I wish to know if it said that Raboisson died from accident, or . . . in any other manner.'

'Eusèbe and the monk exchanged rapid glances.

'Who can say?' was the schoolmaster's feebly muttered answer.

'Thus, then, nobody has expressed a suspicion that the death of this miserable man was the result of . . . of . . . of crime? Answer,' said she, vehemently, 'has nobody entertained such a suspicion?'

'Eusèbe became fearfully agitated.

'I must confess,' said he, in broken accents, 'that this lawyer . . . this . . . Procureur Michelot——'

'I knew it!' said Margaret, as if speaking to herself. 'That man scents out wickedness, like as the vulture of our mountains scents his prey in the air. In what manner think you did Raboisson meet with his death? Was he murdered? Was he assassinated?'

'She pronounced these words with savage energy.

‘‘Pray, Margaret,’ cried the schoolmaster, drops of agony running down his face, ‘do not question me; do not force me to tell you——’

‘‘He dares not speak! He fears to lacerate my heart with the horrible suspicions that we have mutually conceived!’ said the young girl, with bitter irony. ‘Very well! then you, my reverend father,’ she continued, suddenly turning to the monk, who had testified the keenest interest in this conversation, ‘you will not hide from me the impression that has been made upon you by this horrible event, of which all the circumstances are familiar to you; you are God’s minister, and you *dare* not lie. Answer—answer me then! has not this man perished by the hand of some murderer?’

‘The old monk fixed upon her his calm piercing eye.

‘‘There are some reasons for thinking such to be the case,’ said he, in a solemn tone; ‘but you—you, my daughter, what interest can you have——’

‘‘It is true, then,’ screamed Margaret, in a heart-rending accent, ‘both of them think it—both of them! And I—I thought that to me alone had this mystery of shame and crime been revealed! They suspect who the guilty man is; they accuse, and have even judged him in their hearts, although in my presence they have not dared to call *my father a murderer!*’

‘At the same time, Margaret fell back in her seat, evincing every symptom of the most dreadful de-pair.’—pp. 215—218.

The old men hasten to console her, and to assert their conviction of her father’s innocence; although they both acknowledge that they knew Raboisson was master of the secret from whence he obtained his wealth. The whole of this long scene is written with a power, which forcibly reminds us of our early dramatists; and the struggle of the two old men, between sympathy for the distracted girl who believes her father a murderer, and their anxiety to be partakers of her secret, is most skilfully brought out. Poor Margaret learns that the belief in her father’s possession of a gold mine is becoming stronger and stronger every day; and carried away by this dream of gold, both the old men urge her to confess it to them, promising to save her father from the danger, to which the suspicious circumstances, of Raboisson’s death, exposes him. She parries their entreaties, and sadly turns homeward. On her road she is met by her cousin; who now convinced of the reality of this gold mine, determines on breaking off with Ernestine, and he offers himself to Margaret; but on receiving her decided, though faltering refusal, he in his turn, discloses his suspicions respecting the gold mine, and threatens vengeance, unless she points out its site.

‘Nothing that Peyras had hitherto said, appeared to touch Margaret so deeply as this threat; the frigid manner, which at all times concealed

her feelings, suddenly disappeared. She looked at Marcellin in deep anguish, and a full tear trickled from her dark eye.

‘Thus then,’ she said, in a tone of uncontrollable grief, ‘even the love that you feigned for me was not sincere ! It was not I whom you loved, it was my father’s gold mine—Marcellin, Marcellin ! why not have left me a little longer in the belief, that it was your passion for me which made you trample under foot such sacred duties.’

‘A malignant joy was stamped on Peyras’s features ; he was too skilful to be mistaken in the nature of such sentiments—‘Margaret,’ cried he, ‘you have betrayed yourself ; Margaret, you love me ; I *know* it !’

‘But short-lived and rare were the weakness of this sternly constituted mind.

‘When Margaret heard this exulting exclamation, she turned haughtily, and with striking dignity replied—

‘‘I despise you !’’—p. 244, 245.

They return to the village, where all is confusion. Michelot has accused the king of Pelvoux of the murder of the old knife-grinder, and some very powerful scenes follow. At length on the confession of the schoolmaster, that he was by accident the cause of Roboisson’s death, Martin Simon is acquitted. Margaret now seeks her father alone, and reminds him that he vowed to his father on his death-bed, to give up this hidden treasure, when it should begin to prove a curse instead of a blessing.

‘‘Margaret, Margaret,’ interrupted Martin Simon, brushing away a tear, ‘why recall these sorrowful recollections ?’

‘‘Because, my father, the warning signs foretold by Bernard, have been fulfilled ; because, now that your secret is known, crime and treason enclose you in a circle which daily narrows around you ; because, already by your side the old man dishonours his grey hairs, the husband deserts his wife, the priest blasphemes his God, and even your own daughter has cursed you in her heart. Yes, yes, the appointed time is come ! that fatal power which every moment threatens destruction to this humble corner of the earth, must be destroyed. Besides, have you not found the distribution of this gold too heavy a charge for a good and simple man like you ? This gold that produces so much good and evil on the earth, from which you only reap ingratitude ! Father, you have done much good with this treasure, take heed lest you now only do evil.’

‘Martin Simon mused.

‘‘I have forgotten nothing, Margaret,’ said he, at length ; ‘and I am ready to keep the oath exacted from me, and which thou must also have exacted from thy children. This promise is always in my mind.’—p. 282.

It was not, however, without a long struggle that he finally consented.

We must now pass on to the winding up of this solemn drama. Martin Simon gives a promise to each of his four

guests, that that very evening he will show them the source of his wealth; and each, unconscious that the promise has been made to another, repairs to a solitary cave, opposite the inaccessible heights of Mount Pelvoux. The rage, and disappointment of the four when they meet in this cave, are powerfully painted, and on Martin Simon's arrival, they all tax him with duplicity. 'I have not deceived one of you. I promised to show each this precious mine, but I did not pledge myself to show it *only* to him,' is the reply. A number of mountaineers appear with Margaret, at the cave's mouth, and Martin Simon bids them all follow him to the Follet, a steep mountain on the other side of the valley. After a long and toilsome journey, the wearied company at length arrived at the foot of the peak. They mount with great difficulty, and at length find themselves on an immense cone, only surpassed by its neighbour Pelvoux.

'The gold mine! Shew us the gold mine!'

'Willingly, my friends,' said Martin Simon, with much composure, proceeding to the spot where Mount Follet joined Pelvoux; 'we have now arrived at the end of our journey.'

'What?' querulously asked the Chevalier, who was closely following on his footsteps, 'is the treasure buried in this inaccessible place? I hoped——'

'You hoped that it could be more easily worked, did you not?' said Martin Simon, bitterly; 'but what can be done, my dear cousin? Those who come after us, may work it, *if they can*, in the same manner that we have done. . . . I filled large bags full of the metal, which I left carefully concealed upon the mountain's sides; in the night I came for these sacks, and took them to the village, where, acting upon some chemical knowledge, imparted by my father, I separated the gold from its dross; a cave in my own house, where that miserable Raboisson discovered my secret, served as my laboratory, and from time to time I sent large ingots to Durand, my banker at Grenoble, whose interest in the transaction guaranteed his discretion; from him I received them back in money. By these means, my father and I managed to enjoy our riches, without arousing suspicion.'

'The king of Pelvoux gave these details, as calmly and cheerfully as if he were not going to resign the treasure, of which he had enjoyed exclusive possession for so many years.'

'Martin Simon removed some stones, so skilfully arranged that they formed a shifting wall, and discovered a grotto of about five or six feet high, and ten or twelve deep. *It was the Gold Mine!*

'A silence, expressive of unbounded admiration, reigned among all present. Heads were curiously thrust forward to examine the precious metal in its primitive state. The vein was narrow, and appeared as if crushed in its bed, but it likewise looked perfectly pure, and the crystals of the copper ore, with which it was but slightly mixed, added apparently to its richness. Avaricious nature, reluctantly compelled to yield her riches to man, seemed to delight in previously dazzling his eyes and

exciting his cupidity even to madness; for the sun, just sinking in the west, now darted his brilliant rays full into the cave, as if freely to expose to their longing eyes the gold dust that glittered in the vaulted roof, sides, and floor of the precious mine.'—pp. 314—316.

Martin Simon at length bids them descend, lest night should overtake them. They reluctantly withdraw, and return to the cave, leaving him to follow.

'At last quick steps were heard, and Martin Simon, breathless, threw himself rather than walked, into the cave, saying in a commanding voice—

'Let no one stir, unless he wish to perish!'

'They were about to demand an explanation of the father's and daughter's extraordinary conduct, when a fearful sound shook the valley; the air was violently agitated, the earth trembled, and at the same instant a shower of stones and masses of rock fell heavily on the ground. All rushed to the cavern's entrance, to see what could have caused this strange occurrence.

'Take care,' said Martin Simon, trying to keep them back; 'If my apprehensions be correct, the greater danger is not yet passed.'

'But curiosity prevailed over the good man's warning. All rushed to the flat ground before the grotto, and all eyes were turned towards the Follet, whence the noise seemed to proceed. Then a grand spectacle met their eyes. A train formed of several barrels of gunpowder, had been secretly laid under the enormous granite mass that formed the basis of that chain of rocks already mentioned, by which alone the Follet could be reached. It was to this train that Martin Simon set fire when he lingered behind his party. An enormous cloud of smoke was slowly rising to the heavens, and large quantities of still falling stones proved how tremendous had been the explosion.'—pp. 320, 321.

A second follows, and the gold mine is placed for ever beyond the reach of man!

The story ends mournfully, and this is, we think, a great defect; for the generous Martin Simon, and his high-minded Margaret, in justice, deserved a better fate than overtakes them. The beautiful village rapidly sinks into decay, and ruin overtakes every one. Martin dies of grief; the land becomes barren as of yore, and poor Margaret sits like the wailing Banshee, of Irish superstition, contemplating the ruined scenes of her childhood. Such is an outline of the powerful tale of this gold mine. It is some time since we have read so admirable a story—as the production of a French writer, it almost stands alone. We must also award a just meed of praise to the translator. She has performed her task with great skill, indeed we have scarcely ever seen a translation, in which the very spirit of the original has been more closely preserved.

Art. VII.—*History of the Reformation in Germany.* By Leopold Ranke. Translated by Sarah Austin. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London: Longman and Co.

THE real character of the reformation from popery has been greatly misunderstood. Both friends and enemies have misconceived its nature, and have spoken and written about it in a style which the calmer judgment, more extended investigation, and sounder views of the present age, cannot sustain. To the one class, it has been a theme of unmingled praise. Its agents and its history, the virtues of the former, and the critical and varying fortunes of the latter, have been dwelt on in a style of simple eulogism. To the other class, it has presented an aspect the reverse of all this. With an origin traceable to personal vanity, or class rivalry, it is supposed to have betokened an irreligious temper, and to have been patronized with a view to secular ends. Identified in spirit with the rebellion of Lucifer, it has been regarded as a personification of the worst qualities which our nature can assume. An impartial judgment will fail to sympathize with either of these views. They are both extremes, though the latter is specially destitute of support. Few of our readers are in danger of adopting it, and even catholic writers must be strangely destitute of candour, and regardless of historic evidence, who should now attempt its defence. We may be content, therefore, to leave it amongst the exploded errors of a former age. It stands on record as a warning to the excited polemic, enforcing the necessity of caution and self-control in the judgments formed on passing events.

The other, or protestant view of the reformation, though containing a large portion of truth, is destitute of discrimination and largeness of view. It fails to do justice to the real character of the movement, or to place its distinctive merits fairly before the mind. It attributes to it virtues which it did not possess, and shades its glory by an admixture of earthly passion, which only serves to weaken its power, and check its triumphant course. The interests of truth will be best advanced by an intelligent discrimination of its qualities; praise being awarded when due, and censure pronounced when human infirmity intervened to mar the benefits, or to restrain the inherent energies of Christianity. There was so much in the personal character of Luther to command admiration, and so much in his public life to constitute him a benefactor of his species, that the most ardent of his disciples need not scruple to make the admissions which truth requires. After all the deductions which a rigid investigation can demand, the German reformer will still possess

claims on the admiration and gratitude of mankind, to which few parallels can be found.

The character of his achievement is visible in its progress. It is written on the surface of his history, and is only lost sight of, when that history is made to give place to the theories of philosophical speculatists, or to the passions of party zealots. The earlier movements of Luther were in perfect keeping with a dutiful submission to the papacy. He himself had no idea of the rupture to which they would lead, nor, indeed, of any other issue than the correction of some notorious abuses, which he verily believed to be as distasteful to St. Peter, as they were repugnant to his own views of religion. He was led on step by step, without perceiving whither things tended. A sense of duty, a conviction of spiritual necessity, the earnest yearning of a soul partially enlightened, impelled him onward. He could not stop, and yet he trembled to proceed. The 'powers of the world to come' were upon him, and he felt that to pause in his career would be to renounce his hope, and to abandon the church to pollution. When we read the fine spun theories of some protestant writers, we are led to imagine that Luther acted throughout on one uniform system. They appear to conclude that his views were matured from the first; that his whole movements were adjusted; and every part so fitted to all others, as that a complete and perfect whole should be secured. The illusion may be pleasing, but it is illusion still;—a mere fiction, which fancy creates, but which facts instantly disprove. The monk of Wittenberg was led on in a way which he did not know. Had he done so, he would probably have been scared from the great undertaking, so little prepared was he, at first, for the struggle into which he was subsequently precipitated.

Hence then the excellences and the defects of his reformation. It was the protest of the spiritual against the sensual; the revolt of the inner religious man against the forms which had been substituted for faith, and the corruptions which threatened to overwhelm the church. The spiritual nature of man had been lost sight of for ages, and a system of ritual observances, and of mere childish mummeries had been erected on its ruins. This system was enforced by power, and sanctioned by long standing. It was interwoven with political institutions, and social sympathies; had overshadowed the relations of public and private life, and was obviously tending to the obliteration from human memory of the future and the eternal. Against this all the better elements of Luther's mind revolted. He felt that religion was insulted and depraved; that men were in danger from perilous errors; that the church had lost its distinctive character; and that the hope of the world would be extinguished, unless some

brave soul were found to rebuke popular corruptions, and to re-erect the standard of truth. He therefore did, at any one time only so much as was, in his judgment, absolutely requisite to meet the necessities of the case. He sought to discharge present duty, and at every successive stage of his early career, anticipated repose and satisfaction. Hence it happened, that while his reformation betokened the earnest yearning of a religious mind after emancipation from gross and destructive error, it failed to realize, or even to attempt, the complete deliverance of the Church. He was content to meet the exigency of the hour, and his work was consequently left unfinished and incomplete. Another example was furnished of fidelity to truth, so far as it was apprehended; but the constitution of the Christian Church and the means of its extension were but imperfectly understood. A particular case was met in a spirit of moral heroism never surpassed; but the interests of the Church were not provided for by a recognition and enforcement of those general principles which lie at her basis, and are essential to her triumphs. Branches were lopped off, but the trunk remained untouched. Luther's own liberty was claimed, but the human mind was permitted to remain in bondage. The indirect influences of the Reformation on the progress of religious liberty were most powerful. They have not yet worked themselves out. They are to be traced through the successive stages of puritanism and independency, and are now moulding the sentiments of our age in the shape of Anti-State-Church principles. But the earlier Reformers were far from contemplating this. They demanded liberty for themselves, but refused it to all others. They claimed to worship God according to their own convictions; but when others pleaded conscience, and requested a similar license, they were refused with a dogmatism as assumptive as the infallibility of the pope.

Nor was there anything very marvellous in this. It might have been anticipated. It was only what an intelligent estimate of the human mind would have led us to expect. Luther and his associates were but one stage removed from spiritual serfdom, and they saw only the most simple and obvious forms of truth. It required long experience, a dark night of trial, in order to bring out those universal laws, on which the right of private judgment, and the voluntariness of religious service are based. The best minds of that age recoiled with pious horror from the principles in which we glory. The generations immediately preceding them had furnished no precedents. The lights of experience were wanting, and the evils incident to their movements, and the misconstructions to which their best actions were subjected, rendered them timid, and warned them to be

cautious. Like unpractised mariners they skirted along the shore, and feared to launch out into the mighty deep. In what they did, however, they contributed mightily to what we are. They laboured, and we have entered into their labours; and shall prove ourselves both ungrateful and unreflecting, if we permit their imperfections to render us insensible of their merits, or thankless for the testimony they bore. An enlightened appreciation of their worth is the best preparation for a successful carrying out of their undertaking. Let us do justice to the men and their work; let us estimate at its true value their approximations to truth, whilst we regret their short-comings and errors; and the Church may then hope to receive, at our hands, the boon for which she yet waits.

The story of the Reformation is on this account eminently instructive. We regard it with deep interest, and counsel all classes of Protestant Dissenters to give it more continuous and profound attention. It is intimately connected with our own times and struggles, and holds out both encouragements and warnings in the service on which we have entered. That it should now engage a greater measure of attention, is the natural result of our position, and constitutes a propitious sign of these times. It would be ominous of evil, if the lights of past ages were disregarded. That philosophy is both shallow and delusive, which, under pretence of honouring revelation, or of any other plea whatsoever, refuses to learn wisdom from the records of a former age. It is by communing with the best of men, the emissaries of truth in former times, that we are enabled to advance on the positions they maintained; or to render more effective service than their imperfect views, or unfavourable circumstances, permitted.

With such convictions we have been much gratified by many publications which have recently been issued. The literature of the Reformation has been greatly enriched, and we mistake much, if important advantages will not thence accrue. Its previous state was disgraceful both to our historical research and to our protestant zeal, and can with difficulty be accounted for, when the interest of the narrative and the direct relation of its incidents to ourselves are borne in mind. A combination of rare talents was, however, required, for the successful preparation of such a history, and hence, probably, the cause of its being so long unsupplied. This reproach is now in the course of being wiped away. The publication of De Wette's edition of Luther's Letters, extending to five thick and closely printed volumes, has supplied the learned with the best diary of the reformer's life, whilst the works of D'Aubigné and Waddington have condensed the scattered lights which were needed to illustrate his

character and achievements, as well as those of his contemporaries.* The brilliant fancy, and discriminating judgment of the former of these writers, combined in a rare degree with the faculty of minute and dry research, have invested his volumes with the attraction of a romance, and the sterling value of a veritable history. The result has been an almost unprecedented circulation, extending, as we are informed by the author, in his preface to the volume just issued, from 150,000 to 200,000 copies in the English language. Dr. Waddington's work, though less brilliant, is not inferior in any of the more sterling qualities of history, and, as a contemporary journal justly remarks, 'in severe fidelity, is perhaps even superior.' †

The work now before us, and which has given occasion to these remarks, is worthy to sustain an honourable comparison with those we have named. The author, Leopold Ranke, is well known to English readers, through the medium of Mrs. Austin's admirable translation of his *History of the Popes*; and his high reputation will suffer no abatement from the manner in which he has executed his present undertaking. With indefatigable diligence he has explored all the public archives which promised to furnish materials for his work, and with truly German drudgery has sifted the several publications connected with the period embraced, which for many years past have been issued on the Continent. Few minds can appreciate the force of the impulse under which his researches were prosecuted. What would have been toil to others was recreation to him, and the solitude which the light-hearted and the frivolous would shun, was peopled with the forms of an ever-varying and most instructive life. 'Let no one,' he remarks in his preface, 'pity a man who devotes himself to studies apparently so dry, and neglects for them the delights of many a joyous day. It is true the companions of his solitary hours are but lifeless paper, but they are the remnants of the life of past ages, which gradually assume form and substance to the eye occupied in the study of them. For me they had a peculiar interest.'

It must not be supposed that the faculty of continuous research constitutes the only, or even the prominent, quality of Ranke. He possesses in an eminent degree the power of imaginative

* Whilst writing the foregoing, we have received from Messrs. Oliver and Boyd the fourth volume of D'Aubigné's History, which is first published in English by the author. Its appearance will be welcomed by a large class, and we heartily join in the hope expressed, that no attempt will be made, through the medium of a translation from the French, to deprive a learned stranger of the legitimate reward of his labour. 'To English honour,' he emphatically remarks, 'I confide this work.'

† Edinburgh Review, No. 165, p. 95.

combination, paints his scenes with a force and reality which betoken the vividness of his own conceptions, cautiously traces out the influences which concur in the production of events, and keeps before his reader the connexion and mutual operation on each other of the political and the religious. It is not so much the inner as the outer life of the Reformation which he depicts. Other works render us more familiar with the spiritual conflicts and theological discussions of the German and Swiss reformers; their intense love of truth, their earnest reaching after the invisible, their deep humiliation and penitence, their confiding trust in the great atonement,—all, in a word, which constitutes the spiritual ordeal or experience of the renewed mind. Ranke's volumes supply little of this. He did not aim at it. The province appropriated was distinct, and though less captivating to the religious mind, is equally needful to the full elucidation of the truth. His work, therefore, should be read in connexion with that of D'Aubigné, and not as a substitute for it. It is not a rival, but an auxiliary; and he will be best versed in the narrative of the Reformation, who has made himself master of both.

The work opens with a sketch of the early history of Germany, in which the progress of the papacy, and the struggles which occurred between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, are ably developed. The humiliation at Canossa of Henry IV. before Gregory, marked the fearful strides which the spiritual power was making, but was itself outdone by what subsequently occurred at Venice, when Frederic I. succumbed before the terrors of the church.

'At Canossa, a young and passionate prince sought only to hurry through the penance enjoined upon him: at Venice, it was a mature man who renounced the ideas which he had earnestly and strenuously maintained for a quarter of a century; he was compelled to acknowledge that his conduct towards the Church had been dictated rather by love of power than of justice. Canossa was the spot on which the combat began; Venice beheld the triumph of the church fully established.' (Vol. i. p. 38.)

From the ninth to the thirteenth century, the papacy worked out its policy with a resoluteness and skill of which history furnishes few examples. Its aggressive spirit was steadily maintained, and the various orders of the empire were so adroitly balanced against each other, as to help forward its ambitious scheme. Intellect was then in the service of the church, and gave to her proceedings a mighty advantage. The secular was in this respect wholly unfitted to grapple with the spiritual. In the arena of arms it might prove victorious, but, as our author observes, 'the result of a contest is not always decided on a

field of battle.' The public sentiment of Europe, at once unenlightened and superstitious, was moreover with the papacy, and the empire was consequently reduced to a state of disgraceful vassalage. The state of things which resulted is thus sketched by Ranke:—

'The pretensions of the clergy to govern Europe according to their hierarchical views—pretensions which arose directly out of the ecclesiastical institutions of Charlemagne—were encountered and resisted by the united body of the German people, still thoroughly imbued with the national ideas of ancient Germania. On this combined resistance the imperial throne was founded. Unfortunately, however, it failed to acquire perfect security and stability, and the divisions which soon broke out between the domineering chief and his refractory vassals, had the effect of making both parties contribute to the aggrandisement of that spiritual power which they had previously sought to depress. At first the emperors beheld in a powerful clergy a means of holding their great vassals in check, and endowed the Church with liberal grants of lands and lordships; but afterwards, when ideas of emancipation began to prevail, not only in the papacy but in all spiritual corporations, the temporal aristocracy thought it not inexpedient that the emperor should be stripped of the resource and assistance such a body afforded him: the enfeebling of the imperial authority was of great advantage, not only to the Church, but to them. Thus it came to pass that the ecclesiastical element, strengthened by the divisions of its opponents, at length obtained a decided preponderance.

'Unquestionably the result was far different in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from what it would have been in the ninth. The secular power might be humbled but could not be annihilated; a purely hierarchical government, such as might have been established at the earlier period, was now no longer within the region of possibility. The national development of Germany had been too deep and extensive to be stifled by the ecclesiastical spirit; while, on the other hand, the influence of ecclesiastical ideas and institutions unquestionably contributed largely to its extension. The period in question displayed a fulness of life and intelligence and activity in every branch of human industry, a creative vigour, which we can hardly imagine to have arisen under any other course of events. Nevertheless, this was not a state which ought to satisfy a great nation. There could be no true political freedom, so long as the most powerful impulse to all public activity emanated from a foreign head. The domain of mind, too, was enclosed within rigid and narrow boundaries. The immediate relation in which every intellectual being stands to the Divine Intelligence was veiled from the people in deep and abiding obscurity.' (Ib. pp. 43--45.)

Efforts were not wanting to check the exorbitant power of the clergy. Men of capacious minds and of profound reflection occasionally arose to protest against the existing order of things, and the seed which they scattered, though unproductive for a time, was not lost. Amongst these, Nicholas von Kus, and Berthold, Elector of Mainz, are entitled to a foremost rank, and we are tempted by the high qualities and important services of the latter, to present our readers with Ranke's brief sketch of his character.

'Nobody, so far as I have been able to discover, has thought it worth while to give to posterity a description of his personal appearance or characteristics: but we see him distinctly and vividly in the administration of his diocese. At first people feared his severity; for his administration of justice was as inexorable as it was impartial, and his economy was rigorous; but in a short time every body was convinced that his austere demeanour was not the result of temper or of caprice, but of profound necessity: it was tempered by genuine benevolence; he lent a ready ear to the complaints of the poorest and the meanest. He was peculiarly active in the affairs of the empire. He was one of the venerable men of that age, who earnestly strove to give to ancient institutions, which had lost their original spirit and their connection with higher things, the new form adapted to the necessities of the times. He had already conducted the negotiations of 1486; he next procured for the towns the right of sitting in the committees; it was mainly to him that Germany owed the promises made by Maximilian in the year 1489, and the projects of Worms were chiefly his work. In every circumstance he evinced that serene and manly spirit, which, while it keeps its end steadily in view, is not self-willed as to the means or manner of accomplishing it, or pertinacious on merely incidental points; he was wearied or discouraged by no obstacles, and a stranger to any personal views: if ever a man bore his country in his inmost heart, it was he.' (Ib. pp. 131—132.)

The state of affairs, down to the period of the Reformation, foreshadowed coming events. Dissatisfaction was universal. The Emperor and the Pope, the princes and the minor nobles, the feudal lords and the peasantry, were in deadly hostility with each other. All had interests of their own, which were promoted by craft, and in a spirit of relentless cruelty of which modern times are happily ignorant. 'It is evident,' says our author, 'that the peaceful security, the undisturbed prosperity, which are often ascribed to those times, had no existence but in imagination. The cities kept their ground only by dint of combination, and of unwearied activity, both in arms and in negotiation.'

This state of things prepared the way for Luther, by loosening the foundations of ancient institutions, and by destroying the respect and confidence with which the national mind might otherwise have regarded what he assailed. Events waited their time, until, in combination with universal discontent, a new power was elicited in the shape of a revived literature. The materials for effective action were then prepared, and the voice of Luther sounded with a potency which struck dismay into the heart of Rome.

The great reformer was a peasant's son, born at Eisleben, in November, 1483, and grew up in the mountain air of Mansfeld. His education was harsh and rude, and his bread was early earned 'by singing hymns before the doors of houses, and new year's carols in the villages.' This was a training well fitted for his subsequent missions. It inured him to privation and hardness, though it probably stunted the milder qualities, whose absence from his character was matter of regret. A new impulse was given to his young heart in the month of July, 1505. Depressed by the unexpected death of an intimate friend, he was returning from his father's house to the University of Erfurt, when he was suddenly overtaken by a fearful tempest, in which his excited imagination saw the wrath and vengeance of God. In his terror, he vowed, that if permitted to escape, he would enter a convent, and, true to his pledge, he passed only one more evening with his friends. The following day saw him enter the Augustine convent at Erfurt. The determination of his character was apparent from the first. 'If ever,' he afterwards remarked, 'a monk got to heaven by monkish life and practises, I resolved that I would enter there.' To the duties of his new station he applied himself with unwonted vigour, but contrary to his hopes, he found no rest. There was a mysterious process going on within. The eye of Omniscience was on him. He was a selected man, the ordained of heaven for a mighty work. His preparation involved much suffering, a tempest of the soul even more fearful than the raging elements which had burst on his solitary path in the field near Stotternheim.

'In the course of his study of the Scriptures, he fell upon texts which struck terror into his soul; one of these was, 'Save me in thy righteousness and thy truth.' 'I thought,' said he, 'that righteousness was the fierce wrath of God, wherewith he punishes sinners.' Certain passages in the Epistles of St. Paul haunted him for days. The doctrine of grace was not indeed unknown to him, but the dogma that sin was at once taken away by it, produced upon him, who was but too conscious of his sins, rather a sense of rejection—a feeling of deep depression, than of hope. He says, it made his heart bleed—it made him despair of God. 'Oh, my sins,

my sins, my sins!' he writes to Staupitz, who was not a little astonished when he received the confession of so sorrowful a penitent, and found that he had no sinful acts to acknowledge. His anguish was the longing of the creature after the purity of the Creator, to whom it feels itself profoundly and intimately allied, yet from whom it is severed by an immeasurable gulph: a feeling which Luther nourished by incessant solitary brooding, and which had taken the more painful and complete possession of him because no penance had power to appease it; no doctrine truly touched it, no confessor would hear of it. There were moments when this anxious melancholy arose with fearful might from the mysterious abysses of his soul, waved its dusky pinions over his head, and felled him to the earth. On one occasion when he had been invisible for several days, some friends broke into his cell and found him lying senseless on the ground. They knew their friend; with tender precaution they struck some chords on a stringed instrument they had brought with them; the inward strife of the perplexed spirit was allayed by the well-known remedy; it was restored to harmony, and awakened to healthful consciousness.' (Ib. pp. 320—321.)

So deep and earnest a longing of the soul after God was at length satisfied. An old Augustine monk—pleasing proof that the fellowship of saints is wider than party zeal admits—saw his anguish, and, with fatherly tenderness, pointed him to the Christian doctrine of justification by faith.

'Then was I glad,' says he, 'for I learned and saw that God's righteousness is his mercy, by which he accounts and holds us justified; thus I reconciled justice with justification, and felt assured that I was in the true faith.' This was exactly the conviction of which his mind stood in need: it was manifest to him that the same eternal grace whence the whole race of man is sprung, mercifully brings back erring souls to itself and enlightens them with the fulness of its own light; that an example and irrefragable assurance of this is given us in the person of Christ: he gradually emerged from the gloomy idea of a divine justice only to be propitiated by the rigours of penance. He was like a man who after long wanderings has at length found the right path, and feeling more certain of it at every step, walks boldly and hopefully onward.' (Ib. p. 322.)

At this time, however, Luther was a faithful son of the church, and vied with the most devoted of his associates in a scrupulous observance of her institutes. A few years later, he visited Rome on the affairs of his order, and his joy on beholding the imperial city was unbounded. Still, however, he was not satisfied. The monk and the Christian struggled with each other. The convictions and sympathies of the inner and spiritual, were repugnant to the outward and ritual. There was an obvious incon-

gruity, a want of harmony and cohesion between his practices as a devotee and his faith as a disciple of the Son of man. He saw and felt this, and all his visions of mental peace faded away. He himself tells us that whilst climbing the Scala Santa on his knees, in order to obtain the plenary indulgence, a reproving voice continually sounded within him, 'The just shall live by faith!' His views, however, gradually cleared up, and became more decidedly Augustinian: while his piety assumed a deeper and more enlightened tone. This was his salient point, the importance of which to his future course cannot be too highly estimated. His own mind was first imbued with the evangelic spirit, and all his subsequent labours were actuated by it. Had it been otherwise, his earlier efforts would have betokened more of pride and less of self mistrust than was visible. The heat of passion, and the selfishness of earthly policy would have taken the place of that earnest devotion to the welfare of the church which was so conspicuous throughout his career.

It was not long before an opportunity occurred for the commencement of his great mission. God's providence had prepared the theatre on which he was to act, and the spiritual discipline, under which he had passed, well qualified him for his work. At length the fulness of time came, and the impiety of the papacy roused him to action. The Lateran council, immediately prior to its dissolution, in March, 1517, granted the pope a tenth part of all church property throughout Christendom. Three commissioners for the sale of indulgences immediately traversed Germany, the proceeds of which were professedly to be applied to the building of St. Peter's Church. The impiety of this procedure need not be pointed out, and its folly was equally glaring. It was a foul and monstrous insult both to religion and to common sense, and Luther, in the opposition which he offered, was sustained by the sympathy and expressed approval of all candid men. John Tetzel, one of the pope's commissioners, appeared in the neighbourhood of Wittenberg, and Luther, jealous for the safety of the people, whom he saw to be in danger of delusion, on the 31st of October, 1517, nailed on the gates of the parochial church ninety-five propositions; in which he undertook to explain the power of indulgence. His views had not then attained the clearness by which they were subsequently distinguished. The truth was only partially apprehended; but so far as it was known, its advocacy was followed up with an honesty and fearlessness characteristic of his mind. The ground on which the sale of indulgences was contested, is thus briefly stated by our author—

'Not that he altogether denied the treasures of the church; but he declared that this doctrine was not sufficiently clear, and, above all, he contested the right of the pope to dispense them. For he

ascribed only an inward efficacy to this mysterious community of the Church. He maintained that all her members had a share in her good works, even without a pope's brief; that his power extended over purgatory only in so far as the intercessions of the Church were in his hand; but the question must first be determined, whether God would hear these intercessions: he held that the granting indulgences of any kind whatsoever, without repentance, was directly contrary to the Christian doctrine. He denied, article by article, the authority given to the dealers in indulgences in their instructions. On the other hand, he traced the doctrine of absolution to that of the authority of the keys. In this authority, which Christ delegated to St. Peter, lay the power of the pope to remit sin. It also extended to all penances and cases of conscience; but of course to no punishments but those imposed for the purpose of satisfaction; and even then, their whole efficacy depended on whether the sinner felt contrition, which he himself was not able to determine, much less another for him. If he had true contrition, complete forgiveness was granted him; if he had it not, no brief of indulgence could avail him: for the pope's absolution had no value in and for itself, but only in so far as it was a mark of Divine favour.'

'It is evident that this attack did not originate in a scheme of faith new to the Church, but in the very centre of the scholastic notions; according to which the fundamental idea of the papacy—viz. that the priesthood, and more especially the successors of St. Peter, were representatives and vicegerents of Christ—was still firmly adhered to, though the doctrine of the union of all the powers of the Church in the person of the pope was just as decidedly controverted. It is impossible to read these propositions without seeing by what a daring, magnanimous, and constant spirit Luther was actuated. The thoughts fly out from his mind like sparks from the iron under the stroke of the hammer.' (Ib. pp. 339—340.)

Such were the circumstances of Luther's early life, and the events by which he was summoned forth to his appointed work. They are worthy of attentive study, and in the lessons they inculcate will amply recompense for any time or labour which may be expended on them. Other opportunities will occur for tracing his subsequent career; and we therefore take leave of the volumes before us, with a sincere and earnest recommendation of them to our readers. The original work consists of five volumes, of which the first epoch only is here given to the English public. We trust that the more popular character of D'Aubigné's volumes will not prevent the cordial reception of Leopold Ranke's, which, as already remarked, have qualities of their own that entitle them to a high rank in the literature of the Reformation. We need scarcely add, that Mrs. Austin's translation has all the force, clearness, and flexibility of an original work.

Art. VIII.—*The History and Literature of Flanders, Old Flanders, or Popular Traditions and Legends of Belgium.* By Octave Dele Pierre, Attaché to the Belgian Embassy; Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London; of the Historical Comity in Paris; of the Royal Archeological Society in Belgium, &c., &c., &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1845.

THESE pleasant, and useful volumes, written a little rashly perhaps in *English*, by a foreigner; may appear to be but a slender peg, whereon to hang a heavy dissertation upon Belgian history, and Flemish literature;—subjects too long treated with no small disdain by the savans and the statesmen of Paris, when deluding themselves with the hope of being able to substitute modern French for the oldest language of Western Europe, still spoken by a large body* of French subjects, to whom the attempt is a serious grievance.

In that point, indeed, the work before us opens views of high interest; and although the time is certainly much more remote than its author is sanguine enough to anticipate, for unfurling '*the flag of universal concord*;' (vol. ii. p. 285), few persons will refuse assent to his further remark, that foreign governments commit a grievous 'error in forcing new laws upon nations already mortified by subjection.' (*ib.*) The passage here alluded to, concludes with the expectation of a speedy and universal peace, for the coming of which all good men must give their hearty wishes, even if less hopeful than M. Dele Pierre, of its early arrival. 'The wide propagation of knowledge,' says he, 'promises fair a time, when the enlightened world shall struggle no more for any ascendancy but that of knowledge and wisdom; and when the trumpet of war, and the cry of the wounded, shall cease among Christians.' (*ib.*)

The tinge of foreign idiom here perceptible, and of which we shall have occasion to notice other instances in the work, does not take from it great beauty of style, and occasionally pure eloquence. A hope may, therefore, be reasonably expressed, that some additional stores, spoken of in the preface, will be soon published to complete the vindication so worthily begun by M. Dele Pierre, of his country's just station among the nations of Europe.

Her independance so difficult to be established, is held to be indispensable to the general peace; and the great powers have even guaranteed neutrality to Belgium in order to establish a new assurance in favour of this momentous object. But to turn

* Upwards of 200,000 Frenchmen in the departments of the North, and of the Pas de Calais, speak Flemish.

neutrality to the best account; and to place this rich country more and more in a condition to defend its own complex rights, the *antient language* of the people as well as their history, should be cultivated with so much the greater care, that it is the principal link by which their dearest interests and feelings are connected with both the present, and the past. This may be accomplished without sacrificing other indispensable languages, such as English, and more especially French, which has incontestable political claims upon the attention of the inhabitants of French Flanders, and claims of science which neither Belgians, nor even Hollanders are disposed to overlook. One of the ablest writers upon the Low Countries, says, that he employs French, notwithstanding the incorrectness of his style, because Belgium is *half French*, and because he is glad to use a language so admirably adapted to scientific discussion.* Perhaps the greatest evil consequent upon the forced dissemination of this language is, that a spirit of resistance is thus roused, fatal to its suitable adoption.

In another province a million of Bretons struggle now, as they have struggled successfully for two centuries, against the loss of their Celtic tongue: and they continue to cling to Celtic customs which have survived the influence of Christianity, as well as that of Roman law.

But not France alone has sinned, and is still sinning by attempts to extinguish the customs, and the languages of conquered races. Britain has made such attempts upon an enormous scale. In vain did the Berkeleys and the Chesterfields of former days urge the cultivation of the native speech of Ireland, and the preservation of her records, in order to the conciliation of her people. In our madness we preferred absolute domination to a friendly union; and thence we have naturally reaped the hatred of millions. So Russia is preparing the same way for revolutions which must break up a barbarous unity of despotism built upon the ruins of an hundred people. *More books are published in Polish now, than before the language was prohibited by Ukase!*

Old Flanders is a series of stories upon Belgian subjects of early and late dates. The first is a romantic tale of the exemplary vengeance wreaked by a young girl upon a monster of cruelty who had put her lover to death. It commemorates the founding of Antwerp in the days of Julius Cæsar—'the *Antwerpen* of the ancient Flemish language which still preserves its original strength, and richness, and its Saxon garb.' (p. 11).

* Historical Analysis of the laws of the Belgians and Gauls.
Œuvres de J. J. Rapsaet, 1838, tom. iii. p. 5.

Overleaping more than eleven hundred years of Flemish history, and the inviting period of Charlemagne, the author then tells a famous tale of Count Baldwin's summary and personal execution of justice against a party of young knights for an act of signal oppression done by them upon some peasants.

A pathetic tale follows of the period of Count Charles the Good, murdered by the party of the *Provost of Bruges*, known to the English readers of historical romance, by the novel of Mr. Grattan. This brief sea-side tragedy is exceedingly touching; and if not written with all the power of Sir Walter Scott's description of the Fisherman's death in the *Antiquary*, it may be fairly placed high in the same class of productions. Late in a stormy night, a young fisherman on the Flemish coast, with his wife, and two young children, are alarmed by a violent knocking at their door. A follower of the count who had witnessed the murder, is fleeing for his life; and offers a large reward for a passage to England in the midst of the storm. The offer is boldly accepted, and the perilous voyage undertaken in an open boat. After four days passed in deepest anxiety, whilst the storm is unabated, the poor wife discovers the body of her husband entangled in the sail of his own boat, wrecked on the shore. The children are present at the frightful discovery, which ends in the destruction of the whole unhappy family, whilst attempting to drag the poor fisherman from the wreck.

The next tale is also a deep tragedy, strongly depicting the precarious tenure on which the lives of the nearest relatives, and the prospects of domestic happiness were held in the middle ages.

One of the most surprising events of those ages comes next,—the mysterious fate of Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople. This enterprising Count of Flanders, elected chief of the victorious Crusaders in the East, was at length defeated by the infidels; and after the conflict, he was never more seen. His misfortunes were attributed in a superstitious age, to a rash marriage with a beautiful Saracén. Among the consequences the most extraordinary was the appearance of an impostor, who many years afterwards pretended to be the lost emperor. His daughter, Jeanne, then the reigning countess of Flanders, resisted these pretensions; but a numerous party of all ranks, countenanced them. A ridiculous denouement occurred at Peronne in France, where this great cause was adjudicated before the King of France, as the suzerain of the Flemish Counts. In its course, the Bishop of Beauvais, in support of the countess, asked the pretender, where, and on what day he married 'Madam Marie de Champagne, whom he called his wife?—where, and from whom he received his order of knighthood?—in

what year he did homage for the Dukedom of Flanders to Philip, the King of France? and what he received from the King on that occasion."

These simple questions confounded the Pretender, who had not learned his lesson well; and he asked till next morning, to reflect upon his answers.

The next day came; but the false count had fled; and he was ultimately put to death for this treasonable imposture.*

Short narratives of private feuds, and of high festivities follow in the first volume, with two more frightful tragedies,—one upon a career of violence, and the destruction of a band of robbers;—the other respecting perhaps more horrible acts of voluptuous brutality on the part of a young Venetian merchant at Antwerp, ending in his utter ruin, in a way consistent with the popular belief of the time—the fifteenth century.

The second volume pursues Belgian history in similar tales through the periods of the German and Spanish possession of the country; returning in the last pages somewhat unnecessarily to the middle ages, for fresh matter.

In both volumes, the subjects are taken from all ranks of society, the author having correctly remarked, that in Flanders, the people have always acted a distinguished part, along with the princes of the land; so that its heroes are to be sought among its artists, its merchants, and even its artisans no less than among its nobility. The two stories from which extracts will be made as specimens of the author's style, belong to the humbler ranks. The first is that of Herman the Tiler; whose unhappy death with those of his intended wife and his own father, are commemorated by a blue stone on the pavement of the Church of Notre Dame at Antwerp. It is on the eastern side, facing the tomb of Quinten Metsys, the celebrated smith, who became a painter to gain the object of his affection, and whose famous picture is well-known to every visitor of the collection in Windsor Castle. A thousand little pieces of copper, placed without order, are incrusting on this stone; but no explanation has been preserved of so strange an inscription. The deaths of the three persons buried under it, took place thus. On the 20th of October, 1520, the day of the coronation of Charles v., the citizens of Antwerp celebrated the event by a general fête. A storm of unusual violence, furious wind, and floods of rain with thunder and lightning, put a sudden end to the rejoicing; and destroyed every vestige of the gay preparations with which the streets, and quays had been covered.

* The same story has been lately better told by M. Leblay of Lille in a valuable History of the Counts of Flanders.

Among other damage done by this storm, it was soon perceived that the iron cross on the pinnacle of the cathedral was bent by the lightning. The omen was in the highest degree alarming in that superstitious age; but the boldest workmen refused to hazard their lives in the dangerous task of repairing the damage. At length *Herman the Tiler* undertook it under very peculiar circumstances. He was a young lover; but not wealthy; and the avaricious father of the object of his love had refused to consent to their marriage if, within a certain time, he could not command a sum of money, which happened to be then proclaimed by the authorities of Antwerp as the reward of the successful repairer of their dizzy cross. Herman therefore engaged to straighten it. The engagement when formally published to the people, excited the deepest interest, expressed in almost tumultuous agitation upon the feat of the daring youth. His motive was not known; but the extreme danger of the attempt was felt by all, and produced a feverish curiosity in the people to see him, with the most absurd conjectures as to what had led him to risk it. The remainder of the story is thus told by our author.

‘Whilst this scene of tumult was going on in the street, a more serious tragedy was acting in the house of Herman. Three actors were here deeply affected; Herman, his father, and the young girl, Ciska. The youth was glowing with hope and resolution! every feature swelled by the violence of his emotion, though *one deep* wrinkle on his brow showed an internal struggle. The maiden and his father were so wholly wrapped up in sorrow as to be almost deaf and blind to what passed around them. Their eyes were fixed! their lips firmly closed! their hands clasped as in death agonies! for to them all seemed an awful and hopeless wonder!’

‘The father first moved, and, clasping his hands together, approached his son.

‘“Oh, Herman! is your rash scheme so irrevocably fixed in your mind, that neither the prayers of your fond old father, nor the affecting tears of that loving creature, can move you. Think only upon our wretched and forlorn state, should you perish.”’

‘“If you have no pity for yourself,” said Ciska, “have pity on me, who love you beyond all things in life. And think, oh! think, Herman, what my fate will be if you find your death, where you seek our happiness.”’

‘“To-morrow, Ciska,” replied Herman, “I shall be thy affianced husband; and what you suffer to-day, will be amply repaid to-morrow by our mutual congratulations. To-morrow you shall be proud and happy,” he added, as he clasped the weeping girl to his breast.

‘She appeared more gracefully touching than ever before, and Herman thus beholding her, felt his fearful purpose almost shaken. But, when his father spoke to him and said,—

“Go my son, to the town-hall, and tell them to choose another to fulfil this imprudent engagement;”—the courageous youth dashed off the tears which swam in his bright black eyes; and collected himself, more firmly determined than ever, ere this incautious sentence had met his ear.

“When I accepted the enterprise, my dear father, it was prompted by my love to Ciska; and through love and duty to you, whom I saw labouring daily, when you require repose. These reasons would still urge me, even though I did not hear a thousand voices proclaiming my cowardice, should I retract my promise; even though the whole populace were not waiting for me in the streets—listen to their voices calling for me!”

“The father bowed his face! But Ciska made one last effort to shake her lover from his desperate purpose.

“That effort was vain, although Herman felt that if he would not yield, he must tear himself away. He wept, and hardly could his fixed resolve carry him on against his love and his pity. He wished to give some consolation, but was only able to say—‘*It is noon, Ciska! My duty calls me.*’

“Then placing his lips on the young girl’s forehead, he imprinted a parting kiss, and tore himself away. She sunk fainting in the arms of the old man, whose tender care soon revived her; more happy had she never recovered her sense of misery. Soon both followed the venturous youth; a vague and indistinct feeling of hope, and triumph, of terror and despair, urging them on to be witnesses of the act of their ruin, or happiness!

“When Herman appeared in the street, loud acclamations greeted him, for few had believed that he would actually dare attempt what he had engaged to do. When he had a little got rid of the crowd, and found himself more unmolested, he began to consider what he had so hastily engaged to perform. The weeping scene he had quitted within his own house came before him, but not with any doubt, or despair; on the contrary, with a confidence of success. Then, on a sudden, a burst of shouts from behind seemed like welcome heralds of success. His courage and his strength of nerve returned; he walked quickly on; passed over the grand square; and arrived at the church yard of the cathedral. There he found the city authorities awaiting his arrival, which was hailed by one unanimous hurrah from an immense crowd.

“The gate of the tower was opened for him, and he soon appeared at the first gallery. He looked around, but did not see his father, and his beloved Ciska, who, pale and trembling, were in the crowd. He passed rapidly as a vision from gallery to gallery, nor stopped, till, panting and breathless, he reached the top of the last stairs, where his arduous task was to begin. Here he rested to take breath; to rid himself of his coat; and to fasten one end of a strong cord to two large iron plates hollow in the middle, a light pair of bellows, a forge hammer, and some charcoal; the other end of the cord be tied firmly round his waist. The people, with every eye fixed upon

him, then beheld him seize hold of one of the many projections of the carved work of the tower, cling firmly to it, and raising himself as gently as he could, fix one foot after the other on some head of a sphinx, or out-standing cornice, or in the centre of a hollow rosette of the ornamental work. Every eye was fixed, every tongue mute, every heart beat with terror and anxiety whilst watching the perilous climbing of the intrepid Tiler. But he reached the pinnacle of the tower; he stood on that platform of six feet square,—two of which the cross filled.

“*Then he is safe!*” cried out with one voice the almost breathless spectators.

‘But the father, and the maiden, unseen by Herman, spoke not! they scarcely breathed, their blood freezing in their veins. Their eyes were still fixed, watching every movement;—their tongues cleaved to their mouths, for they did not think the danger over.

‘Herman had now drawn up his tools, and was perched upon one of the bars of the cross, looking like one of those large eagles which are driven by the wintry storms for refuge to our high buildings. His eye measured, without giddiness or fear, the immense distance between himself, and the abode of men. Having so far succeeded, all doubt, all fear, was at an end. He looked for his father, and his mistress. He did not however distinguish them.

‘Soon red-hot coals were seen at the foot of the cross, whilst a figure like a spirit of the upper regions kept close to the fire, which he continually brightened till the stem of the cross became red-hot. Then strong, steady, loud strokes of the forge hammer were distinctly heard, and fearfully repeated by the echoing vaults. It might have formed a picture of some evil spirit warring against the emblem of Christianity! At every blow the cross moved a little, and the crowd applauded. These plaudits came like the dashing of a tide, to the ears of the adventurer; but did he know how every blow throbbed on the hearts of his beloved friends? Full of joyous hope he laboured, still cautiously, judiciously, vigorously. Surely the soul of Quinten Metsys, the artist who framed the cross, was assisting at this stupendous task, to restore to his native city his grand work.

‘One more, only one more stroke; and the cross stood erect! the proud summit was in its due place and proportion. A shout of admiration filled the place, and reached the ears of the half-stunned workman. Then did the father, for the first time, turn his eyes towards those of Ciska; both were full of tears, but tears of joy, which relieved their agitated hearts, whilst the continued plaudits of the gathered multitude were now welcome, for they were consolation for the past, horrible suspense.

‘Before he began to descend, Herman stretched forward to look if his father and his beloved were witnesses of his success. Oh, horror! his foot slipped upon the iron plate, and over the hot burning charcoal; he fell from the platform, and bounded violently against the angles of the building. The cord which was fixed round his waist, and the other end of which he had fastened to a ledge of the tower, held him up for a moment, over the dreadful height.

'What a moment !' Numbers of active spectators rushed up the stairs, and thence to the first gallery, with a blind hope of being of some use ; but ere the swiftest, the most active, the most zealous foot reached even the first gallery, the red-hot cinders had caught the cord ; and it quickly blazed, and crackled, and gave way ! Herman bounded off from angle to angle, now his head struck one sharp point, now another, now balanced an instant on some broad ledge, then plunged downwards, broken, twisted, crushed, till over and over he fell head-foremost on the stone pavement, and was dashed to a thousand pieces.

'When men, all trembling, gave way to those who dared pick up the body, and examine the fractured head, two other dead bodies were stretched near it. Herman's father, Herman's beloved, expired on the spot.

'They were all three buried there ; and over their tomb was placed a blue slab, on which was beaten in as many pieces of copper as there had been found fragments of the skull of Herman.' (Vol. xi. p. 43—55.

The next tale, from which we shall make a very short quotation, is that of an artist of Bruges, named Andrè, whom an envious rival exposed to a false charge of murder. By a rash judgment of the authorities of his native city, the poor victim was sentenced to death, but with a year's respite to prove his innocence. He was at the same time allowed the usual indulgence of working whilst in prison, at his art of carving in wood ; and he accepted it, in the hope of procuring some resource for his only child, a little girl, soon to be left the penniless orphan of a disgraced father. It was the period when the fine arts in every branch were at a high pinnacle of excellence in Flanders. He began his task under extremely disadvantageous circumstances ; and sacrificed his life in completing it.

The progress of the work, and its unhappy ending, are told in these words :—

'The wainscotting of the Hall of Judgment in Bruges, is only lit by windows from the further end, and would not admit of any fine carving. The artist began then to carve rosettes on a part of the ceiling above the enormous chimney-piece of that hall. Then with a natural taste which the ancient productions more frequently exhibit, than those of the present day, he united those festoons with others round the chimney-piece, so as to become one fine picture. Many tasteful ornaments united the carved panels together, so as to make a beautiful whole, when the most minute trifle was finished with perfect skill.

'The elaborate work in an imperfectly lighted room, so fatigued his eyes, that there were moments when he was compelled to desist.'

After further details respecting this arduous work of art,

which Andrè, comforted by the society of his hapless child, persevered in, the story concludes with a touching account of his rapid and deep change of features. He was like a spectre; and when his rash judges, struck with admiration at the elaborate perfection of the carving, ordered Andrè's release, upon a reconsideration of the insufficiency of the proofs of his guilt, he was found to have sunk into a premature grave in his prison.—(vol. ii. p. 57—73.)

The Castle of Maldeghehen, 'one of the most beautiful hamlets in Flanders,' where beautiful hamlets abound, is given from one of the Flemish ballads, a class of popular productions well worth an English student's attention. The almost identity of the Flemish language with ours in its *tones*, as well as in numerous original words, is shown in the singing of these ballads. Not many weeks ago, the writer of this article was walking with some friends near Cassel in French Flanders, when one of the party insisted upon speaking to some children who were singing as they gathered nuts in an adjoining wood. From their voices, he thought they must be English children. After no small difficulty, he made out from their Flemish, for, although belonging to a village which had been French for one hundred and seventy years, not one word of French could they utter or understand, that these genuine children of the soil were carolling stanzas far older, perhaps, than *Chevy Chase*, or *Childe Waters*. Ignorance of their kindred tongue found its suitable punishment in the mortification attendant upon perceiving, that a great treat was lost by an imperfect apprehension of the subject of the ballad; but the tones of the young songsters could not be mistaken. They were thorough Sussex-English.

The incident occurred within five hours and a half of London by rail-road, and steam boats, at a spot where the true Flemish tongue is spoken by the people of all classes; and where a line of little hills beginning fifteen miles east of Calais, presents for as many miles more as perfect a series of picturesque views, hills and dells, shady lawns, meadow paths, and sheltered cottages, as can be found in the whole world, not excepting Devonshire, or Wales.

Our Belgian author appreciates the picturesque at its true value; and he seizes eagerly upon every opportunity of introducing brief notices of scenery, such as that which closes the strange and terrible story of the *Iron Lady of Maestricht*, told rather obscurely; and to our great surprise ranging in date from the Middle Ages to 1790 and 1826.

Little room is left for our intended catalogue of curious errors of *style*, not of the *press*, which betray the foreign pen in this creditable production. Credit will be given us for not

having overlooked them; and rather too abundant a sprinkling of press errors besides. As general advice, we will venture to recommend M. Dele Pierre to study Sir Walter Scott with the greatest diligence as a help in his promised future labours.

Still less room is left us for a contemplated examination of the history and language of Flanders. Materials for both are most abundant; and those materials are of great value. No English library should be without an ample collection of the Flemish, Latin, and French books which mainly constitute them; and of which considerable catalogues have been published. Studied with discrimination, this history in its successive periods, Celtic, Roman, Middle Age, and Modern, and that language in its simple form, will resolve more than one problem in human affairs; and in science. To English students both have peculiar attractions. There can be little doubt of the fact, that the Flemish and our Saxon speech had a common origin, and a very extensive similarity exists to this day, more especially among the common people—the millions; and in old books. And from the earliest periods of time of which records exist, our mutual intercourse has been frequent and important; and the changes which the wonders of modern powers of locomotion have already begun to work, promise to bring the fine land of Flanders, with all its ancient associations of so many kinds, and the multitudinous resources of its present population, remarkable for their industry and denseness even in a state of long comparative decline, to our very thresholds. An eager desire prevails in Belgium for the revival of the better times when its trade, its arts, and its science, were honoured in Europe. Our author shares this desire; and we join him heartily in his hope, that the past peaceful glories of his country may be profitable stimulants to greater actions than even those which once created what has been so deplorably lost by the influence of wars and foreign domination. Belgium is now independent, and through the extraordinary events of latter days, she enjoys a declared neutrality. In the new conflicts of industry, which we trust will long be the only ones to occupy mens minds in Europe, may wisdom guide her public councils, and the right intelligence, which M. Dele Pierre is anxious to propagate, bless her people.

ART. IX.—*Cobden et la Ligue, ou L'agitation Anglaise, pour la Liberté du Commerce.* Par M. Fred. Bastiat, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut, et Membre du Conseil Général des Landes. 8vo. Paris, 1845. [*Cobden and the League, or the English Agitation for Commercial Freedom.*]

THE appearance and reception of this volume, are among the good signs of the times. Since its publication, the author has been chosen a member of the Institute of France, a body of men, as far removed from the influence of mere agitation as any scientific society in the world; and at this moment, the walls of Paris are covered with its advertisement. There is even a fair prospect of this grave book of political economy becoming as popular as a new novel from any well known pen.

This successful result of M. Bastiat's labours, only requires a little nursing by the League, and by its French friends, to make millions of converts to free trade abroad, by simply telling the story of the free traders in England.

Before stating what this echo to the League is, we will add, one or two more proofs of our active neighbours being alive to the importance of the free trade question.

The general councils of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, assembled last December, after an interval of four years, have just closed their meetings in the best possible spirit. They have recommended, *by a great majority*, that foreign iron should be admitted into France free of duty for ship building. This is not a day too soon; as the high price of iron made by the French themselves, has already driven their large ships entirely out of use; and extensively reduced all their merchant shipping.

The same important bodies have recommended in January, 1846, analogous changes in other fabrics.

Again, in the Chamber of Peers, a zealous, and eloquent appeal has just gone forth from one of the oldest Dukes in France, in favour of unconditional free trade. And again, in the Chamber of Deputies, a strong disposition has lately been expressed in favour of the same objects.*

This is sudden—so sudden, that the author of the French history of the *League*, opens his book with the extremest apprehension, that it will be utterly neglected, inasmuch as 'free trade,' says he 'is looked upon in France as utopian, or worse.'

Yes, M. Bastiat,—who last autumn was a very prophet, when

* These evidences of opinion in France, upon free trade, are to be seen in the first part of *La Liberté des Commerce*, published at Mr. Eff. Wilson, Royal Exchange.

he sagaciously conjectured what Sir R. Peel must have been about in November, in regard to the prodigious changes now in progress, modestly doubts whether his work will be read at all.

Nevertheless, we repeat, it has procured him a most honourable, unsolicited admission into the most cautious society in France; and the earnest language of his introduction, with his curious collection of our leaguers' speeches at Manchester, in London, Norwich, Plymouth, Perth, Carlisle, and elsewhere from 1842 to 1844, are likely to make the names of Cobden and Bright, Hume and Thompson, Fox and Wilson, and those of a host of other men, as familiar over all France as household words; and their purposes as acceptable as they are beginning to be intelligible there.

Our readers know the originals too well to need French translations of their speeches; and they do not want M. Bastiat's doctrines for their instruction. But this book is well worth buying as a curiosity; and it will be useful hereafter, when the present barriers of monopoly between us and France shall be broken down, to remind us of what may be accomplished by resolution in a good cause.

ART. X.—1. *Voices of the Church, in Reply to Dr. D. F. Strauss, author of "Das Leben Jesu"; comprising Essays in Defence of Christianity, by Divines of Different Communions. Collected and Composed by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D.* London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1845. Pp xv. 437.

2. *Tentamen Anti-Straussianum. The Antiquity of the Gospels asserted, on Philological grounds, in refutation of the Mythic Scheme of Dr. D. F. Strauss. An Argument.* By Orlando T. Dobbin, L.L.D. London: Ward. 1845. pp. xvii. 113.

THE first of these works embodies eight very valuable essays which have been published separately in the course of the years 1844 and 1845, by Dr. Beard. Two of them are original; four are translated or compiled from the German, and two from the French. The one object to which the whole are addressed, is—

'To furnish the English reader with some means of becoming acquainted with the aims and tendencies of the work by Dr. Strauss, entitled, *Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet von Dr. David Freiderich Strauss*; as well as of forming a calm estimate of the justness of its principle, the accuracy of its arguments, the soundness of its views, and its general bearing on the historical verity, of the gospel. This reply was undertaken in consequence of the wide diffusion in this country—not least among the labouring classes—of opinions and impressions adverse to Christianity,

derived more or less immediately from the publications of Dr. Strauss. Even where the *Leben Jesu* was not known, and could not be read, a conviction has prevailed, that some great work had been put forth in Germany, which as being destructive of the Christian religion, its ministers wished to keep from the knowledge of the people, and were afraid even to study themselves. So untrue and unsound a state of feeling may well be regarded with regret, if not alarm, by every enlightened disciple of Christ. The present work will enable the reader to judge how far the attack made by Strauss on the historical foundations of our common faith, is of so deadly a character as many have supposed.—p. v.

As this is almost the first work in the English language that has addressed itself to the great Straussian controversy, which has deluged the continent with books, the editor very properly employs his first essay in setting forth the views which Strauss has advanced. This is entitled '*Strauss, Hegel and their Opinions.*' And is a most able, luminous, and candid exposition. We know not where else the English reader, desiring to acquaint himself with the bearings of controversy by which so many active minds have been agitated, and in which so many able pens have been employed, can so readily obtain the information he requires. The writer's dread of being unfair has occasionally led him into greater concessions than some of his readers will admit: but this is so rare a fault among controversialists, that it may easily be pardoned. Thus he gives Strauss credit for 'candour,' although presently after he gives us many instances from the *Leben Jesu* of gross 'unfairness,' (his own word) in argument. Candour and unfairness are not very compatible qualities.

Having thus laid his foundation in the first Essay, Dr. Beard proceeds in the second to furnish *A Review of Strauss's Life of Jesus*, from the French of M. Quinet, the Professor of Modern Literature in the University of Paris. This is a clever and informing paper, exhibiting uncommon intimacy with German theological literature; as does also the one that follows, entitled *a Reply to Dr. Strauss's Book—the Life of Jesus*; from the French of the well known Rev. Athanase Coquerel, which however is more solid and argumentative, as becomes the station and character of the writer. Next, in the fourth Essay, comes Dr. Tholuck on *the Credibility of the Evangelical History, illustrated with reference to the 'Leben Jesu' of Dr. Strauss.* These illustrations are drawn from the gospel of Luke and his Acts of the Apostles; and the gist of the argument, which is handled with great ability and research, is to prove the incidental exactness and accuracy of the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, who is there constantly on ground where we are able to check his statements, and to test their accuracy, from the information of

contemporary writers : and on the strength of the fidelity and exact information thus evinced, to claim the same qualities for the gospel which even Strauss admits to be the work of the same author, and which does not afford the same ample materials for collateral verification, although such as it does furnish manifest the same characteristics. There is less perhaps that is absolutely new to the English reader in this tract, than in most of the others ; as the greater part of the illustrations are such as may be found in Lardner and in good commentaries on the New Testament. The fifth Essay is '*the Theory of Myths in its Application to the Gospel History, Examined and Confuted*, by Dr. Julius Müller. The following passage exhibits the application of the Mythical theory, against which Dr. Müller contends, and also displays the process usually followed by Strauss in forcing this application :—

'The plan of the author is, in general, this :—

'First, he endeavours to point out in the gospel narratives, partly internal improbabilities—partly contradictions, either with what the same evangelist has elsewhere stated, or with the accounts of other evangelists and New Testament writers, concerning the same events, or with the historical statements of Josephus, so far as they relate to events within the gospel history. When he thinks the negative part of his work to be thus completed, and the historical character of the particular narrative to have been rendered sufficiently suspicious, he proceeds to the more positive side of his work. He searches throughout the Old Testament to see if he cannot find in the history of the patriarchs—of Moses, David, of the prophets, especially Elijah and Elisha, or of other eminent men—traits which correspond to the accounts of Christ, and thus render it intelligible how, out of their legendary poetry, the most ancient church (which so gladly recognized in the deeds and destiny of their founder ; i. e. of their supposed Messiah, every thing great and noble that is preserved to us of those men) could manage to fabricate the narrative. Just as easily is this explained, when a kindred passage of the Old Testament is at hand, which was considered by the Jews, at the time of Christ, and by the Apostles as a Messianic prophecy. Since, according to the notion of the primitive Christians, the life of Jesus must correspond accurately with those prophecies (which is the reason for the formula *ἵνα πληρωθῇ τὸ ρηθὲν*, in order that what was said might be fulfilled, so often recorded in the gospel), the author has no scruple in directly reversing the mode in which the Biblical church views this connection, according to which the prophecy arose directly out of the prophet's vision ; and in considering one portion of the gospel records as a free invention, in accordance with the type of these prophecies. For this purpose he makes use of particular declarations of Jesus, which bear a relation to the recorded events.'

We next come to a vigorous and well-written essay by Dr. Beard himself, under the title, '*Illustrations of the Moral Argument for the Credibility of the Gospels.*' This is more original, and in most respects equal, if not superior, to the best of the translated essays of the book. The writer shews that the German authors have no right to regard the gospels as regular historical narratives. They are not history, in the proper sense of the term, although they contain history. Neither are they biographies, seeing that they describe but a short portion of the life of Christ; but are rather to be regarded as approaching to what the French call *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire de*—. The idea, therefore, of dealing with them as philosophical histories, is unfounded; and it is also modern—'an offspring of the nineteenth century, and from the features which it has, could obviously not have come into existence till after Voltaire had scoffed, and Gibbon generalized, and Niebuhr upturned the foundations of Rome.'

Yet, although no one could be justified in applying the tests of philosophical history, to books which are less histories than arguments, there is no history which admits of better and fuller proof than that the writings of the New Testament present to us a true picture of Christian doctrine, and a true portrait of their great subject, Jesus Christ. After alluding briefly to the nature of this proof, and to the historical corroborations from Josephus, and other writers, Dr. Beard gives a home thrust at those who are not satisfied without such corroborations:

'Some of the departures from historical verity which are attributed to the writers of the New Testament, are sought to be established by an appeal to Josephus, and other historians. We have sometimes had a smile forced from us by the curious union which this appeal presents of credulity and incredulity; for, in order to invalidate Luke, Josephus, and older ancient writers are allowed, and assumed to be immaculate. Unbelief has sometimes a short memory. The writer of the '*Philosophical Dictionary*' denied that Josephus—this now unquestioned authority—was worthy of belief. Other far greater names than that of Voltaire might be adduced, as more or less impeaching the credulity of the Jewish historians; and who can say, that, should a German divine find a dearth of novelty, or fail in a subject by which to gain distinction,—the only way to get his daily bread—he may not, after the manner of Strauss, ere long rake together all the objections which have been taken to Josephus, and, writing his life, do his best to undermine the authority, and destroy his fame. For ourselves, we do not believe that the charges adduced against the Jewish historian can, in all their breadth, be sustained. Yet is he by no means a faultless writer; and we are very far from thinking, that, in any case in which his statements may

appear to contradict or qualify the statements of an evangelist, the presumption is necessarily in favour of the first, and against the second. And, if the general tenor of the narrative—say of John and a book of Josephus—is to be taken into account, we have no hesitation in giving the preference to the former.’—pp. 229, 230.

The arguments built upon the minute apparent discrepancies of the evangelical records, might be met, even were they admitted, by this playful illustration:—

‘John Milton has not been yet two centuries in his tomb. His life has been repeatedly written: first, a short period after his death; recently by Sir Egerton Brydges. Our eye has fallen on discrepancies of no ordinary kind. The register of his birth, and his biographer Todd, fix the time when he was born as the 9th of December, 1608. Another biographer, Toland, who wrote near Milton’s own day, says he was born in the year 1606; while Hallam declares ‘John Milton was born in 1609.’ His biographer Simmons states, that he died on the 8th of November, 1674; Wood gives the 9th or the 10th as the day of his decease; while the register shows that the interment took place on the 12th of the same month. Wood affirms ‘his eyes were none of the quickest;’ Simmons—‘their lustre, which was peculiarly vivid, did not even fade even when their vision was extinguished.’ Todd reports that Milton married a daughter of Justice Powell, of Sandford, in the vicinity of Oxford, and lived in a house at Forrest-hill, about three miles from Oxford. Brydges states, in opposition, that the family of Powell, of Sandford, and that of Powell, of Forest-hill, were not in the remotest degree connected. Hallam gives it as his opinion, that none of Milton’s extant poetry reaches back beyond the sonnet which he composed on arriving at his twenty-third year. Brydges speaks without hesitation of other poems, written at earlier periods; fixing, for instance, his poetical versions of the 114th and 136th Psalms in his sixteenth year.

‘Now these discrepancies afford good materials for critical ingenuity to work with. Surely there could be no difficulty in ascertaining the true day of Milton’s birth. He could not be born in the years 1606, 1608, and 1609. Who can say that he was born at all? These discrepancies look very suspicious. Was Milton any thing more than a poetical impersonation of the republican spirit which produced the Commonwealth? Then, in regard to his eyes, were they lustrous or were they not? This, in the contradictory state of our evidence, cannot be determined. One thing is clear: both accounts cannot be true.—Is either true? Had Milton any eyes at all? In other words, was he anything but a free invention of the myth-forming tendency of the days of the first Charles?’—pp. 20, 21.

But Dr. Beard argues that the variations in the Gospel accounts are less in number and magnitude than even some friends may think. It is not merely by an unfriendly, but an unjust, method of proceeding, that Strauss often gains the ap-

pearance of succeeding to display variations and discrepancies between the Evangelists.

‘The extent to which this method is unjust, can be measured only by a systematic study of the Gospels, in connection with his perverted comments. We may, however, give a specimen:—suppose that one narrator, A., states that Fenelon, in the thirtieth year of his age, visited Rome, and saw St. Peter’s church. Another narrator, B., records that Fenelon, in his fortieth year, came to London, and saw Westminster Hall. These two accounts are first considered different versions of the same journey. Here, then, are contradictions. A. declares that Fenelon went to Rome; B. that he went to England: both cannot be right; one must be, and both may be, in error. At any rate, here is contradiction the first. The second contradiction is found in the divergent statements, that Fenelon inspected St. Peter’s Church and Westminster Abbey. But there is a third contradiction,—one in regard to time: A. fixes on the age of thirty; B. prefers the later period of forty years; both, doubtless, with reasons quite satisfactory to themselves. But what is the value of two writers that thus contradict each other? Now let the reader observe, that this heap of cloud is built on pure assumption; namely, that there was but one journey, and that the time specified, which explains every thing, is adroitly turned into an objection, and even made to appear as an additional contradiction.’—(pp. 22, 23.)

After some further description of these alleged discrepancies, the writer proceeds to argue the truth of the Gospels from their undoubted concurrence in the doctrines which they exhibit, and from ‘the unity of the image of Jesus, as presented in the New Testament.’ He then urges that Christianity presents itself to us as an essentially miraculous system; and that those who reject or attempt to separate the miraculous from it, are constantly baffled by the intricate incorporation of the miraculous even in the minor details, and might quite as well and as wisely reject the whole.

After instancing this from Scripture, the author proceeds to produce the testimonies of Jews, Greeks and Romans, who did not hold the faith of Jesus, but who confess against their will that miracles were alleged to be wrought by Christ; and indirectly admit their inability to show that the pretension was groundless. By this we see what the impression was that our Lord made on his contemporaries; what impression he left behind in the world; what impression of him was received, not only by his apostles, and immediate successors, but also by enemies. This impression was, that he at least assumed to work miracles. He even appears on the page of history as the worker of miracles. ‘Is all this, delusion?’ asks the author; ‘were his enemies de-

ceived as well as his friends; did they, too, readily admit a pretension with which it is clear they knew not well how to deal. Must not the stamp of the miraculous in this system have been deep and broad, which Josephus could not disown, which compelled a record from the pen of Suetonius, and which neither the philosopher Celsus, nor the Emperor Julian, could assail except with sarcasm and invective.' The writer then proceeds to a minute and highly interesting examination of the circumstances attending the resurrection of our Lord as 'the actual miracle of the Christian religion;' and after laying bare the clumsy fallacies by which Strauss has sought to explain away that great fact, and the belief in it, so earnestly and frequently declared by the apostles, he favours us with a truly impressive account of the influence of that belief upon the life and conduct of Paul, contrasted with a view of the life and conduct of Seneca, under the influence of that stoical philosophy, of which he was, in his day, one of the first teachers. The beautiful consistency of the apostle's course under the influence of his persuasion of a fact, without which he believed his teaching and sufferings vain, (1 Cor. xv. 14,) stands out in high relief beside the inconsistent and weak conduct of the luxurious and greedy teacher of self-denial and submission to fate.

Dr. Beard concludes this masterly treatise by urging, that were all the miracles of the New Testament explained away, or exploded, or denied, one great miracle still remains—the character of Christ. Of that character he draws, in eloquent words, a discriminating and lovely picture, shewing that it forms a great and irrefragable miracle in itself, seeing that it could not have been formed by, or have grown out of the conditions of the time in which he appeared; or out of the circumstances of the people among whom he sojourned.

After this grave, yet any thing but dull discussion, we are entertained in the next Essay by '*The Fallacy of the Mythical Theory of Dr. Strauss, illustrated from the History of Martin Luther, and from actual Mohammedan Myths of the Life of Jesus.*' This consists of two papers, the first of which, by J. F. Warne, is a clever and amusing application of Strauss's mode of investigation to the History of Luther. The pamphlet professes to be written in the year 2836, by a Mexican disciple of the Hegelian philosophy. At that date, it is not difficult to believe, much of the multifarious literature on Luther's history will no longer be in existence; there will be doubts and difficulties in connection with the German reformer, for the removal of which, materials are not to be found. In the supposed circumstances, the author shows with what destructive effect the theory and reasonings of Strauss may be applied to the history of Luther,

—well known, authentic and credible as it now is, in all its great leading features. After the manner in which the German critic of the nineteenth century resolves the gospel records of the life of Christ into mere fictions, so does the Mexican of the twenty-ninth century easily prove, that much in Luther's history is mythical and unworthy of credit; arguing himself, while so doing, into many an absurd and false conclusion, on what, to us, in this earlier age, is plain and substantive matter of fact. This ingenious paper is obviously founded on Dr. Whately's *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, which is known in Germany, having indeed been translated with special reference to the work of Strauss.

This is followed by a piece containing extracts from real Mohammedan myths concerning Jesus, the object of which is, to shew how perfectly sober and rational is the evangelical history, in comparison with the genuine myth: this is the work of M. C. G. Bark, a clergyman of Möttlingen.

The eighth and last of these collected pamphlets, consists of a series of translated extracts from Neander's *Leben Jesu*, of those passages which bear the most strongly on the points which Strauss has endeavoured to impugn. This needs no recommendation of ours.

We have thought it right thus to describe the contents of a book which appears to us very important, and which is certainly very interesting. The Christian public is not less indebted to Dr. Beard, for the care and judgment which have dictated his choice of pieces for translation, than for the very able and effective manner in which he has conducted his own share of the statement and argument. This share is larger than may at first appear, as the two essays by him occupy nearly one-third of the volume.

We do not ourselves apprehend much danger to our educated youth, from the diffusion in this country of the views and principles of interpretation of which the name of Strauss affords the most convenient designation. The danger is to our manufacturing population in large towns, where we find a good deal of rude, uncultivated talent, and a smattering of knowledge, which, unhappily, the possessors are but too prone to think it most clever and most original to display in carping at established truths. To such minds, and to the publications which feed them, a bad translation of Strauss, sold cheaply, affords rare materials, greedily received, and unsparingly applied. To this class, most exposed to the danger, the present work is not likely to find much access: but it is of the utmost importance that ministers and others who dwell among them, should be qualified to meet them, as occasion arises, upon their own ground. The want of

a readiness, on the part of those who are the recognised champions of the Christian verity, in meeting the fallacy on the spot, by such forcible arguments as can only arise out of a clear understanding of the whole matter, is highly injurious to the cause of truth. To such persons little allowance is made for unpreparedness; and they are supposed to give the best answer that the subject admits. The damage of a feeble answer in such cases is incalculable; and it seems to us the bounden duty of every minister and educated person, who has any access to those whose minds have been tainted by the influence of such opinions, to stand prepared for all occasions, small or great, of offence or defence, by that mastery of the subject, and thorough knowledge of the question, which the work under notice is admirably calculated to afford.

The very interesting and valuable production of Dr. Dobbin, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, might very well have formed one of the series of treatises to which our attention has been given. It is perhaps more curious, and certainly more elaborate than any single tract in that series; but the object is the same, and the mode of handling is not materially different from that which some of them exhibit. It is well, therefore, to notice it in this connection.

The work is well called by Dr. Dobbin, 'an argument.' It is as close and well reasoned an argument as our day has produced, and yet withal, rendered attractive and readable by a pleasant style and by much felicity of illustration. The writer has, with great self-command, restrained himself from wandering to the right hand or to the left from the high road of his great argument, into any of the tempting side-paths which his course must have offered; and the result is visible in a degree of singleness and completeness of effect not often met with in our discursive days.

The object of the work is to show by a single philological fact, and by an argument founded thereon that, contrary to the assertion of Strauss, the gospels were of very early composition—that they were written before the epistles, and could not by any possibility have been put forth at the same time with the epistles, or at any time after them down to the end of the fourth century. The importance of this matter can only be fully estimated by those who have had occasion to become acquainted with the tendencies of the recent neological literature of Germany, which has made the historical authority of the gospels the special object of its assaults.

The proof or fact, is found in the peculiar and distinctive usage in the gospels and epistles respectively, with regard to the designation of the Saviour of men.

Dr. Dobbin shews, by actually producing the examples to the eye, that in the Gospels and the Acts, the name *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*, JESUS, is that by which our Lord is known to the exclusion almost of every other. In these books it is found nearly seven hundred times, whereas, in the epistles it occurs less than seventy times, although the mention of the Saviour by other names is frequent.

It is then further shewn, that the word, *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ*, CHRIST, alone, as a designation of our Lord, occurs but sixty times in the Gospels and Acts, whereas in the epistles and Revelation it is found not less than two hundred and forty times; and that in the former it occurs with the article as an official designation, whilst in the latter it stands without the article, as a proper name.

Our attention is next directed to the form *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ*, JESUS CHRIST, which occurs only five times in the Gospel and Acts, but is met with one hundred and sixty times in the Epistles and Revelation.

The form *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ 'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*, CHRIST JESUS, never occurs in the Gospels, and only twice or thrice in the Acts, while in the Epistles it is very common.

Dr. Dobbin then states these further results:—

‘That while the epistle writers use the same terms by which he is designated in the Gospels *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ* and *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ*, separately about two hundred times, (that is supposing—what we are not prepared to grant, that the *ὁ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* of the Gospels, and the *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* of the epistles are the same,) in three hundred cases besides, they use an appellation altogether unknown, or scarcely known to the Evangelists.

‘That *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ* in the Gospels occurs in the proportion of *fourteen to one* to *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* in the Gospels; and that *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* in the epistles occurs in the proportion of *ten to one* of *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ* in the epistles. That thus the immense predominance of *'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ* is the characteristic of the one, as that of *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* is of the other.

Lastly, a comparison of an equal number of chapters, in each class of writings, presents the following curious proportions. We take Mark as the representative of the Evangelists, because containing the same number of chapters as Paul to the Romans, and his first epistle to the Corinthians.

'ΙΗΣΟΥΣ, the Gospel designation, occurs

in Mark,	95	times
in Romans,	38	“
in 1 Corinthians,	28	“

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ, the Epistolary designation, occurs			
	in Mark,	7	times
	in Romans,	68	„
	in 1 Corinthians,	68	„
ΙΗΣΟΥΣ alone,	in Mark,	94	times
	in Romans,	1	„
	in 1 Corinthians,	1	„
ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ alone,	in Mark,	6	times
	in Romans,	36	„
	in 1 Corinthians	46	„

Such are, in substance, the facts by which Dr. Dobbin establishes the remarkable difference of usage in respect of the names applied to our Lord between the writers of the Gospels and of the epistles. The facts are not open to criticism. They are obvious and undeniable, and the striking effect which they here produce, is accomplished chiefly through the juxta-position in which they are now placed by Dr. Dobbin, and through the inferences deducible from them.

The solution of the fact thus established is cleverly and satisfactorily wrought out by the author; and it is in substance this:—

‘That the name ΙΗΣΟΥΣ, as the designation of the Jesus of Galilee, was the prevailing one at the time the sacred historians wrote. That the lives of Christ which they compiled were drawn up before the simple appellation, ΙΗΣΟΥΣ, had given place among his enemies to the opprobrious name ‘Son of Mary,’ ‘the Nazarene;’ and before the familiar appellation of friendship among his followers, had been superseded by the titles of veneration, the Lord, the Lord Jesus, the Christ of God.’—p. 54.

From this, results the necessity of an earlier date for the Gospels than for the Epistles, seeing that the usage embodied in the latter, is, from its very nature posterior to that which the former exhibits. It is also shewn that the usage of the early fathers in this matter, is the same with that of the Epistles, as they doubtless took up and followed their immediate antecedent, this shews that the Gospels were produced before the Epistles, for had they been later, the fathers would have been disposed to follow the nomenclature established in them. The early origin of the Gospels being established by these facts and arguments, it follows that the system of Dr. Strauss, which is built upon the hypothesis of their much later compositions, must necessarily fall to the ground; the mythic dress which historic events assume under this system, being utterly at variance with the supposition of their recent occurrence. Apart from this, its application as a weapon from the armoury of God’s word against the

daring speculation of unblessed learning, this tractate of Dr. Dobbin's is useful and interesting as a contribution to the literary history of the New Testament; which cannot hereafter be discussed without a careful consideration of the facts and arguments which he has with so much ability produced.

It is probable, that the idea of the work was suggested by the use which the German divines have made of the names JEHOVAH and ELOHIM, in attempting to distinguish the parts or portions of which they suppose the book of Genesis to be composed. There is much in the discussions connected with this subject—and particularly Hengstenberg's acute and able treatise *Die Gottesnamen in Pentateuch*, contained in his *Authentie des Pentateuches*, from which a hint for the enquiry which has engaged Dr. Dobbin's attention might be drawn.

Art. XI.—*Selections from the Kur-an, commonly called in England, the Koran; with an interwoven Commentary; translated from the Arabic, methodically arranged, and illustrated by Notes, chiefly from Sale's edition; to which is prefixed an Introduction, taken from Sale's Preliminary Discourse, with Corrections and Additions.* By E. W. Lane, &c. &c. London: Madden and Co. 8vo. pp. 318.

THERE certainly has existed for many years past little curiosity among either the learned or the unlearned respecting the history and character of the Mohammedan imposture. This indifference, which has been all but universal, to the mortification of some gentlemen, who occasionally hint that they would not object to fraternize with *good* Mohammedans, is, we suspect, attributable to reasons widely different from those which Mr. Lane assigns for it. To inquisitive men, it must always be a chapter of deep and thrilling interest in the history of human nature; but in any religious sense, it has scarcely the slightest attraction even for speculators. It is an effete imposture which, though once exercising a terrific sweep of physical power, when the Christian body was paralysed by superstition, never had, and never could have, any moral or intellectual force in the presence of that civilization which Christianity has originated and sustained, and which, at the present moment, it is advancing beyond all former precedent. The Kur-an will no doubt remain in the libraries of the curious, as mummies will in their museums, and as the instrument of sustaining the faith of the Moslem through many centuries, as well as of keeping them in a semi-civilized state, it will always be a remarkable and interesting piece of antiquity; but, excepting the high literary

interest which attaches to it as a specimen of Arabic composition, it can never be otherwise than contemptible. What share the prophet himself had in the fabrication, appears involved in an obscurity that is never likely to be dissipated ; but it seems pretty certain that his scribes and assistants are entitled to a full share of the praise or blame. Without the assistance of better heads than his own, he never could have bequeathed to the world the Kur-an, even such as it is. Every thing that is good in it is borrowed, and for every thing bad, credit may be given to the fabricators in general. The great feature of its theology, if such we may be allowed to call it, is undoubtedly a pure or simple theism vindicated against polytheism by the wrath of man. But it is the bare principle, borrowed from that revelation, with which the fabricators were undoubtedly well acquainted, yet without those necessary and beautiful accompaniments which, in the genuine revelation, cause the pure ray of divine light to fall upon us rather in its prismatic colours than as an abstract and independent element. Mohammed and his coadjutors caught a glimpse of the glorious truth, but it was merely partial. The sight dazzled and blinded them. Reason lost its sway, and ceased to be a pupil ; but under the guidance of a fanatical and voluptuous imagination, commenced teacher. The step thence to the assumption of prophecy and a divine commission, was short and easy. Among a semi-barbarous people, it seemed necessary to give success to the grand truth acquired, and the shortest way to it. Some authors have pretended to admire the Mohammedan system, as better adapted for that semi-barbarous age in which it arose, than Christianity, and have congratulated the world upon its rise as an important step towards higher attainments—something better than heathenism, though not quite so good as the gospel of Jesus Christ. For our own parts, we can view it as nothing better than an infernal machination to impede the progress of Christianity, and keep the nations still under the domination of those passions which work in perpetual antagonism to divine love. In the light of that principle, the difference is immaterial between stupid, degrading idolatry, and savage, proud, exterminating, voluptuous Mohammedanism, under the name of the one true God. Certain we are that the heathens have proved more accessible to the truth of Christianity than the Moslem ; and who can pretend to say that the rise of the Arabian imposture has not impeded the spread both of civilization and Christianity ? True it is that at the period of its rise, Christianity had become nearly as corrupt and useless as heathenism. It had undergone a similar decay with Judaism in its later ages. The truth was so encrusted with traditions, that scarcely a feature was to be seen. Yet the living principle was concealed within, which was destined one day to burst through

the incrustations, and cast off the cerements. Mohammedanism contributed nothing towards this change. It has never possessed a piercing and comprehensive vision. It is at this day as proud and self-complacent in its isolation as it ever was. Against Christianity its hostility is as implacable as against idolatry, if not more so. But its doom is sealed, and its day is approaching. Progress it has made none for a long season, and apprehensions are becoming rife, even in the imaginations of its votaries, that its glory must wane. The spreading triumphs of Christianity will, ere long, extinguish the hopes of the crescent.

Yet the history of the Arabian prophet, and of the nations that once owned his religion, as well as of those that felt the keen edge of his scimitar, will form one of the most remarkable and interesting episodes in this world's history. The system itself, which has prevailed so long, and extended so far, cannot be understood without the study of the Kur-an. Since Sale's translation and dissertation appeared, little has been attempted further to illustrate the system; but the entire translation is no doubt unfit for general perusal. This fact, which is commonly acknowledged, sufficiently condemns the system, and justifies the Christian public in neglecting it. Mr. Lane hopes, by a selection and a more intelligible version, to revive attention. But a selection of the best passages has the effect of concealing the deformities, and thereby of conveying a wrong impression. No one can form an opinion of the Mohammedan imposture by a translation of those passages which are mostly derived from the Jewish and Christian scriptures, mixed up with some foolish and trifling tales. It may, however, be sufficient for the reader of these choice selections to form the conclusion, that '*what is true is not new—and what is new is not true;*' and as to all the rest, it is quite as well to leave it in its native Arabic.

Mr. Lane, by means of explanatory words, has thrown light upon some obscure passages; but others he leaves wholly incomprehensible by English readers. The fault no doubt lies in the impenetrable obscurity of the text, and not in the translator. The introduction, which treats of the Arabs before Mohammed, of the establishment of El-Islam, and of the Kur-an itself, is mostly taken from Sale, occasionally corrected by useful notes. Readers who may wish to acquire a knowledge of the rise of Mohammedanism, with some insight into the contents of the Kur-an, will find this a useful volume, especially if read in connexion with Dr. W. C. Taylor's '*History of Mohammedanism and its Sects.*'

The volume is handsomely '*got up,*' but in a few instances errors have escaped correction. The translation is upon the whole very respectable, though in some points susceptible of

improvement. A preliminary essay, or even occasional notes, pointing out the attempts at imposture, and contrasting these pretended revelations with the true ones, would have been a valuable addition; yet possibly the author deemed all this so obvious as to be needless, or beyond a translator's province. We think, however, that justice to Christianity demanded, and would have justified it.

Brief Notices.

The Crisis is Come: or, the Crisis of the Church of Scotland; the Apostasy of the Church of England; and the Fall of the Church of Rome. With an Appendix, containing the Speeches and Decision of the House of Commons on the Petition of the Church of Scotland.
By the Rev. B.D. Bogie, Rector of Lusby, &c.

THIS is a spirited exhibition of the effect which recent events are producing upon the stability and prospects of civil establishments of Christianity, and coming, as it seems, from the hand of a clergyman, is one of the strangest signs of these strange times. The author rejoices, indeed exults and revels, in the anticipation that the Protestant churches must all be thrown upon the voluntary principle. But he seems to forget that the adoption of the voluntary practice by the Free Church is a widely different thing from the adoption of the voluntary principle. It may be necessary, ere long, to adjust the discrepancy under which the friends of the Free Church at present appear: it may be impossible long to sustain a practice that is not upheld by principle: and it is not unlikely that the coming generation may look more favourably upon the principle, which, to say the least, is the only one sanctioned by Christ and his apostles; and may not feel it any shame, nor be conscious of any recantation, in defending their practice by New Testament authority; but it ought not to be overlooked, that no change of principle has been avowed by the Free Church; and that, in all probability, they would become again an established church, if the state would either pay them out of the taxes, or allot to them a portion of the tithes, unencumbered by restriction upon ecclesiastical proceedings. Efforts have been made, and are still making, to keep alive in the breasts of the people a love of the state alliance. Neither is it yet perceived that an independent establishment is an anomaly which no government ought to encourage, and a peril to liberty which no people ought to endure. An independent hierarchy, even partially so, for none have been absolutely free, has always proved, whether papist or protestant, heterodox or orthodox, an intolerable tyranny—a curse, rather than a blessing: and if the laity of the free church are awake to the lessons of history, they will never consent to have that healthy tie severed

which now connects them with their pastors, even if the state should consent to relieve them of their burdens, by taking their clergy again under its fostering wing.

The author of the present volume seems to be a devoted and zealous friend to all the protestant communities, though no friend to the establishment principle. He has written ably on many points, and in most of his opinions we cordially concur. But we fear he is much too sanguine in expecting the speedy overthrow of the Romish apostasy, and the rectification of the protestant churches. The beginning of the struggle we have seen, but its end will not be 'by-and-bye.' Religion itself, throughout the protestant world, is in too feeble and sickly a state to sustain the effort of faith, and hope, and love, which a severance of the adulterous alliance would demand. Those who look calmly but closely at the movements, whether in Scotland, Germany, or Switzerland, will find still a great deficiency of the right principle. The simple truth is not yet felt, and the pure light of the New Testament has not yet dissipated the darkness which hangs about the ideas of establishment men. We are quite aware that a large allowance ought to be made for previous habits; but just in the same proportion must a large discount be taken from the calculation of good already effected. The emancipation and purification of the churches of protestantism, which the author so glowingly anticipates, as the prelude to the fall of Babylon, is doubtless nearer, and may be accelerated by the 'Crisis' which he says is come; but as yet the trumpet has given only 'an uncertain sound.' We hail, however, the sound, though it calls rather to celebrate the victory than prepare for the battle; because we know both will come in their due order. To all who feel an interest in the Free Church, this will prove an acceptable gratulation.

The Doctrines and Practices of the Church of Rome truly represented; in answer to a book, entitled 'A Papist Misrepresented and Represented.'

By Edward Stillingfleet, D.D., Bishop of Worcester. With a Preface and Notes, by W. Cunningham, D.D., Prof. of Divinity and Church Hist. New College, Edinburgh. A new edition revised. Edinburgh, 1845.

THIS is a cheap and very useful reprint of one of the best small pieces produced during the controversy, which prevailed towards the close of the Stuart Dynasty.

The original work consists of a very particular though succinct reply to Gother's 'Papist Misrepresented and Represented, or a two-fold character of Popery,' published in 1685. The object of this book was, by softening down the peculiarities of Romanism, to remove or diminish the offence which they occasioned to the bulk of the English nation. This, as Dr. Cunningham has shewn in the preface, is no unusual device of the adherents of the Roman church. It is one which would have been long ago successful, but for the learning skill, and diligence with which it has been so frequently exposed.

We know of no exposure among the smaller treatises superior to the one now for the second time reprinted. It is a manual of about 380 pages, well laid out, treats of none but really useful matters; and with the introduction and notes, is as seasonable at the present hour, as when it originally issued from the press.

To each of Stillingfleet's thirty-seven chapters, Dr. Cunningham has attached notes, sometimes short, at other times of equal and even superior length to the chapter itself. The subjects of the chapters are too multifarious to be here enumerated, even if the work were entirely new. They comprise together a considerable portion of the Romish controversy. The notes not only impart details, and explanations derived from the treatises and pamphlets by which the works of Gother and Stillingfleet were followed up until the controversy closed for the time, but afford much collateral information, and notice the most useful books on the several subjects of the chapters which have appeared down to our own times. We suppose that the length to which several of them extend was the reason why they were not distinguished from Stillingfleet's text by a different type,—which is the chief thing we regret in the book.

Dr. Cunningham's preface, which occupies fifty-seven pages, is highly interesting and instructive. It commences with a comparative draught of the three leading forms in which the true religion has been corrupted, Paganism, Pharisaism, and Popery. The points of resemblance between Paganism, the corruption of patriarchal religion, and popery, the corruption of Christianity, are then briefly indicated. After this we have a few clear, though summary, illustrations of the '*deceivableness of unrighteousness*,' which has been exhibited by the papists in order to secure the subjection of the Christian world to the bishop of Rome. These illustrations are derived from the priest's oaths, and from the canons and legends of the church. Then follows a brief notice of the craft by which the Council of Trent was packed, and of the fraudulent suppressions and evasions by which its mere decisions have been prevented from exploding into open dissensions. The remainder of the preface characterises in a very just and striking manner, the fraudulent principle on which Bossuet's '*Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church in matters of Controversy*,' and Gother's '*Papist Misrepresented and Represented*,' were written, and shews that the same principle has been continually acted upon either in printed books, or in the examinations of Popish prelates before Parliament until our own days. The work is eminently seasonable, and we earnestly recommend our readers to purchase and peruse it.

Two Discourses, delivered at Sion Chapel, Whitechapel. On Sunday Evenings, Dec. 7th and 14th, 1845. By the Rev. R. S. Bayley, F.S.A. Svo. pp. 31. London: Justin and Son.

THERE are few men amongst us competent to the production of such sermons as these, for which the author apologizes as having been 'purely

extemporaneous, and only partially corrected by him, because not seen till they were in print.' If the undress of Mr. Bayley be so attractive, what would his appearance be, if he expended on his composition the labour of which it is so worthy. We would gladly give the polish and the elegance on which some men pique themselves for a tenth of the mental vigour and affluence which his productions indicate. We know not what may be his purpose, but if he can abstract from the 'People's College,' to which, with such self-denying heroism he has consecrated himself,—sufficient time and energy for the work, we would earnestly and respectfully counsel his devoting himself to some literary achievement worthy of his powers. Where is 'The Life of Strafford,' of which we heard some promise in days gone by?

The subjects of the present discourses are, 'The Conversion of Saul,' and 'The Offence of the Gospel;' and we pity both the intellect and the piety of that man, who is not gratified and benefited by their perusal.

Bohn's Standard Library.

1. *The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall, with a Memoir of his Life.* By Olinthus Gregory, L.L.D. *And a Critical Estimate of his Character and Writings.* By John Foster.
2. *The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.* By William Roscoe. Fifth edition. Revised by his son, Thomas Roscoe. In two volumes. London: Henry G. Bohn.
3. *The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.* By William Roscoe. In two volumes. Vol. 1. London: David Bogue.

WE are not concerned to enter into the merits of the controversy between Mr. Bogue and Mr. Bohn, the publishers of the European and of the Standard Libraries. In substance, we believe it stands thus. The former gentleman having announced a collection of Mr. Hall's miscellaneous pieces, as being intended to form one of the volumes of the European library, Mr. Bohn, the proprietor of the uniform edition of Mr. Hall's works, feels himself aggrieved, and, in self defence, has produced the volume before us. Its appearance is a perfect marvel in book-making, and unless Mr. Bogue has already printed his projected volume, he will be wise in foregoing his intention. No sale, we imagine, can reimburse Mr. Bohn, as the volume, which is handsomely 'got up' in post 8vo., consists of five hundred and seventy-two pages, and is sold at the incredibly low price of three shillings and sixpence. It contains, besides minor pieces, 'Christianity consistent with a love of Freedom,' 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' 'Modern Infidelity,' 'Reflections on War,' 'Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,' 'The Advantages of Knowledge,' 'The Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte,' and various reviews. 'Dr. Gregory's Life of Mr. Hall, and John Foster's Critique are also included, together with a large body of editorial notes. These latter are Mr. Bohn's copyright, and must give his

volume an advantage over every competitor. A more valuable and bewitching companion we know not in the whole range of English literature, and we strongly recommend every young man immediately to possess himself of it.

Mr. Bohn's edition of the 'Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth,' is printed from that of 1827, which underwent the immediate revision of the author, of which Mr. Bohn holds the copyright. This is an advantage not possessed by Mr. Bogue's, of which only one volume has yet been published. We regret the collision which has arisen, not merely as it threatens the commercial interests of the gentlemen concerned, but as it tends to prevent the public from realizing the expectations awakened by the original prospectus of the European Library. Nothing short of a very extensive sale can induce either Mr. Bohn or Mr. Bogue to prosecute his design, and we fear this will be prevented by the clashing interests of their series. As the first projector, our sympathies are with the latter, but justice requires us to say that Mr. Bohn's edition of the work now before us, has indisputable claims to preference.

We shall be glad to hear of some amicable arrangement having been made which shall reconcile the interests of the litigant publishers with that of the public.

The History of Greece. By Connop Thirlwall, D.D. Vol. II. London: Longman and Co.

THE second volume of a handsome library edition of the only work in our language which is entitled to be called a *History of Greece*. Having recently expressed, at some length, our high estimate of Bishop Thirlwall's work, we need do nothing more at present than announce the appearance of the volume before us, which is alike creditable to its author and its publishers.

Knight's Book of Reference. Political Dictionary: forming a Work of Universal Reference, both Constitutional and Legal, &c. Part XI. First Half. London: Charles Knight.

THIS work proceeds in a manner highly satisfactory, and will unquestionably, when completed, form one of the most useful books of reference which any library can contain. Such a publication has long been needed, and we are obliged to Mr. Knight for supplying it. It contains the results of very extended and accurate research, throws light on innumerable points of general as well as of political knowledge, and is moreover printed in a portable form, well suited to promote its extensive circulation.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1815—1845. By Charles Knight. Imperial 8vo. Part I., pp. 56. London: Charles Knight.

THIS is a somewhat hazardous, but most attractive undertaking. If executed with competent skill, labour, and impartiality, it will prove

one of the best books published in our day, and cannot fail to secure a large class of readers. The period embraced is sufficiently recent to be interwoven with the interests and passions of the present day, whilst its earlier portion is already beginning to rank with the past, in the view of a large class of readers. We shall watch the progress of the work with interest, and take an early opportunity of recording our judgment on its execution. At present we simply say that it promises well. Mr. Knight enters on his undertaking with a full knowledge of its difficulties, a clear perception of the real points of the history, and an honest purpose—as we verily believe—of making it subserve the social welfare of the people. The work is uniform in size with *The Pictorial History of England*, and is to be completed in twenty-four monthly parts, price two shillings each.

The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year. By the Editor of 'The Arcana of Science.' London: David Bogue.

A VERY useful book of reference, well adapted to stimulate a reader to enlarge his acquaintance with the various branches of useful knowledge. Its contents are classified under the following divisions: Mechanical and Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Electrical Science, Chemical Science, Natural History, Geology and Physical Geography, Astronomical and Meteorological Phenomena, and Obituary. Great labour has been expended on the preparation of the volume, and we shall be glad to find that its circulation is equal to its merits.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Memoirs and Correspondence of the Most Noble Richard, Marquess Wellesley, comprising numerous Letters and Documents, now first published from original MSS. By Robert R. Pearce, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.

The History of Greece. By Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's. 8vo. Vol. II.

The Three Kingdoms, a Book for the Young.

Palestrina, a Metrical Romance, by Robert M. Heron, Esq.

Forest and Game Law Tales, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. III.

The Native Irish, and their Descendants, by Christopher Anderson, 3rd edition, improved.

The Voluntary, or Advocate of the Voluntary Principle in Religion, including the separation of Church and State, and the perfect Freedom of the Church. Vol. V. 1845.

Sermons in Proof, Development, and Illustration of the Evangelical Doctrines of the Church, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, with an Appendix and Notes on the Evangelical and Apostolic Characteristics of the United Church of England and Ireland. By the Rev. Tresham Dames Gregg, M.A.

Hogg's Weekly Instructor, Part XI.

North British Review, No. VIII.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1815 to 1845. By Charles Knight.

Knight's Penny Magazine, Part I.

Knight's Books of Reference, Political Dictionary, Part XI., first half.

Sketches from Life, by the late Laman Blanchard, with a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Edward Buller Lytton, Bart. 3 vols.

Bohn's Standard Library. The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall, with a Memoir of his Life, by Olinthus Gregory, L.L.D., F.R.A.S., and a Critical estimate of His Character and Writings, by John Foster, author of the "Essays on Decision of Character," &c.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth, by William Roscoe, fifth edition, revised by his son, Thomas Roscoe. Two vols.

Every Man his own Landlord; or, How to buy a House with its own Rent.

Antonio Perez and Philip II., by M. Mignet, Member of the Institute of France. Translated with the approbation of the Author, by C. Cocks.

The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year, by the Editor of the *Arcana of Science*.

Fasting; an Essay occasioned by the Increased Importance attached to its Observance, by John Collyer Knight.

A brief Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, by the Rev. Alex. S. Patterson.

Instructions about Heartwork, and a Companion for Prayer, by the Rev. Richard Alleine, revised and corrected, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by the Rev. John S. Stamp.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Vol. IV. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D.D., Assisted in the Preparation of the English Original, by H. White.

Anastasis; or the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, Rationally and Scripturally considered, by George Bush. 2nd Edition.

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